NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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Hartford—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE HUSKING.

BY J. BLANCHARD.

The following lines are an attempt to reconcile truth with poetry, and to furnish food for thought rather than feel for passion. The incidents related and scenes described are taken from real life, and the verse aims to present a picture of that which shall be faithful if not fine. The reader in this light earned that he must make the most of his own imagination while he reads, and if he finds no interest excited by the piece, he will be so very obliging as to impute the failure to the deficiency of his own powers; for a dull author like a bad physician, if his nostrums fail, has no refuge but to shelter himself behind the crazy constitution of his patient.

SIGHT 1.

'Εγρήγορε. Πάρες, ἄνεν γόνυ, ἔρρε σε λυγὸς
'Εγκάτιον· φιλεῖ δε ἐπιστρόφους ἄμφιπορος
Αὔλαξ, ἅτινα δὲ τῶν σήμερον ἀκλαῦτος.

Hes. Op. et Dies. v. 278.

IMITATED.

Toil, son of Dius, with unsparing hand
The sheaf crown'd Goddes binds the cultured land:
So shall lean famine fly thy cheerful door,
And Ceres bless thee with her golden store.

I.

In Autumn, when the clear blue north was cold,
Good Ceres (That sage Goddess who makes bread,)
Looked from her ivy-lattice on an old
And gray bald-headed mountain, where, 'tis said;
While ages through time's trackless gulf have fled,
She has resided some six thousand years:
Herbed ambrosia, ere the well-built shed
Secured the sheep from night-wolves, or the steers
Taged at the screaking wain high piled with yellow ears.

II.

Good Ceres looked out laughing, for she saw
A ring from walled enclosures gathering round
A full long pile of corn, as he might draw
Who for well cultured lands become renowned,
His neighbors prompt at call had ever found:
Well Ceres saw them gath'ring; at least, I
Eyed them with curiosity profound,
Though but a boy small, rude withal, and shy:
From wood and field they brought strong limbs and spirits high.

III.

Some had hay-twisted hat-bands, and some wore
No hats at all—the youngest without shoes—
And some had frocks, full closely tied before,
To shield them from night airs and evening dews;
So down they sat to husk and tell the news,
All friendly and all healthy and all gay:
The noon came out upon her evening cruise,
And one by, dogs and small boys were at play,
While tales and ballads chased the nimble hours away.

IV.

It was in sooth a goodly sight to see:
To gaze on that glad group of joyous men,
Rich of the bounty Heaven tinth lent the free,
Kind hearts, clear heads, full stores, assembled then
To sing the harvest home and meet again
From house to house; in turn, till gathered in,
The yellow harvest lentes each fertile glen,
And, garnered safely in the crowded bin,
Lies safe—unless the mice their mischief-work begin.

V.

And who can boast a treasure so secure,
Be my the meanest marauder defy?
Breathe there one flowret—balmy sweet, so pure
Tomorrow may not view it fade and die?
The stately steed may perish by a fly;
The ox flies frantic from the whining bee;
The shrine of ages gray in ruin he,
And we, more frail than all, seem but to be
Obnoxious to all ills that haunt immensity.

VI.

I well remember how th' autumnal sky,
Like a blue curtain o'er that merry throng:
Stuck the soft starlight from those gems on high;
While glide so stilly, listening as the song
Of Autumn's myriad insects floats along
In one sweet plaintive monotone; so clear
And piercing loud the dewy shrubs among,
That bird, beast, trees, rocks, hills, all paused to hear;
Nature's self become all music and all ear.

VII.

All hands were busy and all hearts were blithe:—
The rustling corn-leaves and fast-dropping ears
Shut up a throng of noises, as the lithe
And frost-bit water weeds the boatman hears,
When the wind rushes o'er them: and the cheers
Of thoughtless laughter, and the ride old song
Of rural merriment, composed its years
When foresters were poets, steals along
As groups now silent, as the tones come sonorous and strong.

VIII.

There was one singer, bony, lean and long,
With large unmeaning eyes and toothless face,
Of tones, and voice, and lungs all wondrous strong—
Heav'ring'd his husks and sang with such a grace,
You would have guessed him of the ancient race
Of fabled giants, if it were not said,
Those men were temperate. Laughter and grimace
Strove on his visage, and his nose of red
Lit up a countenance behind all dull as lead.

IX.

Except when he a story would relate
Of howling wolves, night panthers, and black bears;
And how fell off in his log hut he sate,
And saw their eye-balls sparkle on the stairs
Which rose outside his cottage—then his hairs
Seemed sent by one from their thick bushy bed,
Stood up erect as when a madman stares;
Till all the terrors of the tale he shed,
Or pictured out anew on his huge head.

X.

His farm and cottage—they were long since gone—
One to a still—converted into gin.
Sold for his family, he ne'er had one;
Then was his proudest boast—for so his sin,
He said, fell on me other. He had been
For years, a wanderer from farm to farm,
And wherever he went was welcomed in—
For this sole merit left, he did no harm,
Loud little mirth, less pity, no alarm.

XI.

Beside him sat a little sprucee old man,
Spry as the husks he strip'd, and bent with age,
Who talked unceasing till the song began,
Then untied his eye-brows thin and looking sage.
Shut up the conqueror nodding at each stage—
Till the song ceased, when, calling 'is that all?'
Raised his thin small jaws with kindling rage,
And scrambled a ratlish laugh; while grant and small,
Disturbed with the performance, laughed, as loud as they could haul.

XII.

He sang of love and Autumn woods on fire;
Of ruined maidens and their murdered ghosts;
Of love-lorn swains all wasted with desire,
And oceans dashing pearls on all their coasts:
Troops of wild turkeys, and of fairies: hosts
Of bats and witches, wizards and their trials,
Wherein they squeaked like shell-fish while it roasts;
But of them all my memory's golden vials
Retain but this, in verses smooth as Spanish Vials.

THE COON-SONG.

1.

The coon came out on a big pine log,
And a curious coon was he;
For he whicked up his tail str he looked at the dog,
And he scrambled away to his tree.

2.

His tree it stood on the steep side-hill
Where the corn fields he could see,
For aught that I know it may stand there still;
But that's nothing to you or to me.

3.

So the dog cried out, but not in fear,
As any one well might know,
For he tore up the bushes both far and near,
And never did dog bark so.

4.

The coon came down all in his fright;
And never a gunner was near,
But the dog he seized him as quick as sight,
So he'll never again come here.

5:

Now sing for the coon that wasted the corn,
And ate up the young poultrie;
And left the young chickens all mangled and torn,
Or carried them off to his tree.

XIII.

But there was one, a youth, (I know him well;)
Whose eye in thoughtful posture fixed was;
As one who mused on things he might not tell,
Or could, or would not—no one asked the cause;
Why he sat silent:—now and then a pause,
Gained him a moment's notice; then he plied
His work anew, or closer round him draws
His night great-coat, and anxious seemed to hide
From their obtrusive gaze, as moved by bashfulness or pride.

XIV.

He heeded not their uncouth hearty glee,
And those who knew him would not interfere;
To interrupt his thoughtful reverie,
Young as he was, he held them all in fear,
Yet not in dread; his count'nance was sincere
And kind—but still the language of his look
Forbad too near approach; his eye was clear
And dark, and their expression like a book
We cannot read, and dread to take it from its nook.

XV.

All knew, none hated him, and many loved.
For, if his mien was proud, it was not vain;
And often through the deep green woods he roved,
Nor yet returned, when now the dashing rain,
Dropping from leaf to leaf the earth to gain,
Made the whole eloquent grove above his head
One tremulous spattering sea of green; a plain
Shaking down chrystals, and the birds all fled
Under their rifted rocks, each to her dry moss-bed.

XVI.

One time he climbed upon a beetling ledge
That jutted o'er a waterfall below,
All jagged with points and overgrown with sedge,
Stooping to view its green hair in the flow
Of the slow waters, murm'ring as they go
Curling around the bottom of the steeps;
From which, in angry mood, from high to low,
They dash down raving by successive leaps,
Into the dark green stream which thence in glassy silence creeps.

XVII.

Like that wild river, how the mind of man
Swells into moving grandeur from small springs!
Then plunges eagerly into the van
Of struggling life:—Here where young fancy flings,
Over his head a rainbow of bright things,
He finds him rudely tossed from rock to rock:
The bow he sought his bruised spirit brings
On its own shattered fragments; while each shock
Lowers him to that gulf which—whose hand may unlock?

XVIII.

Three plain men saved him from that precipice:
And much they questioned him yet doubted still,
If mad, or crazed, or prompted by caprice,
Or what they deemed a wayward stubborn will;
To gain a kitchen copse that crown'd the hill,
He wound his way where bats nestle had clung,
Yet pushed right upward fearlessly until
The loosened rocks grew treacherous and he flung
A glance athwart th' abyss in which the fragment hung:

XIX.

But to return. Around their evening fire
Those neighbors gathered now, their husking done;
When all, as moved by custom or desire,
Demand a song or tale from every one;
And first at Master Silence they begun,
(This name they gave the youth) who, knowing well
How rough the phy of old men who seem young,
Staid not, but poured a song whose mournful swell,
Prevail'd each stormy burst of merriment to quell.

SONG.

AUTUMN DAY.

1.

Autumn's hollow winds are sighing
Through the sad and leafless trees;
Summer's latest flowers are dying,
Stoop'd beneath her funeral breeze.
Not a shrub now skirts the meadow,
But hath shed its foliage sere,
Thick strewn leaves and naked hedge-row,
Mark the months that close the year.

2.

Morning comes all bright with dew-drops
Pendant on the deadened grass,
Night yields slowly, yet anew stops
Till the early sun-clouds pass:
Morn hath lost her rosy brightness,
And of half her beams is shorn;
Slow the dark sky fades to lightness
O'er the hills of standing corn.

3.

Noon arrives—a languid silence
Sleeps on rock, stream, field and fell,
Save from yon smooth-pastured hill whence
Sounds the simple mountain-bell.
Evening follows—the night-shadows
Slow descending one by one;
Now from out surrounding meadows
See the milk-herds wending home.

4.

Mortals! Life's a day in Autumn—
Soon its evening droops with frost.
See your fruits are safe, that not one
Life in endless want be lost.
Earth herself soon feels the rushing
Of her last stern winter's wind,
How whole mighty fabric crushing,
Leaving not a wreck behind!

XX.

Such was the song which closed their interview,
And such the song responds my idle strain
Till young remembrance warms my heart anew,
And early raptures wake my harp again.
The wood, the brake, the flower-enamelled plain,
The first heart beatings when love's tale was new,
The opening whippoor-will, whose notes complain
Her absent spouse, or fickle mate untrue—
These were my soul's twin-mates while youth's sweet visions flew.

XXI.

Adieu! young hero of my future strain;
A brief adieu ye tillers of the soil:
Haply some idly curious eye may deign
To trace your journey through life's wild turmoil.
Perchance some heart which fev'rish thoughts enthrall;
May here find balm love's phrenzied cares to soothe,
May learn grief's raven-foldings to enthrall,
And smile beneath the sun-bright eye of Truth,
Whose voice is Nature's song—her look; immortal youth.

XXII.

But there is an affection, deep and strong,
(Each layer thinks it his,) a plant which grows
And winds its roots the heart's deep springs among;
Unsealing every fountain, which bestows
Its tribute of emotion till there flows
From its ten thousand gushings but one stream.
And all be hears, or sees, or thinks, or knows,
Is love:—and life runs on, a rapturous dream,
Like a night-shower in haste, lit with perpetual gleam.

XXIII.

The mountain streamlet ever idly wanders,
The homeless breeze never reck of rest,
The stars still strolling in their wild meanders
Look down in ruth, like spirits of the blest,
As sweet sounds float on ether's wavy breast:—
Thoughts, idle, homeless, sparkling, unexpress'd
By streams or stars or sounds upon the breeze,
Forsake their cave, the heaving human breast,
Like ocean-sprites or sylphs in summer trees,
They flit o'er earth or wander o'er the seas.

XXIV.

The time will come, Heaven speed the joyous hour!
When those who trust a Saviour's dying love,
And sweetly yield them to his soothing power,
Shall find their hearts; so wild, so won't to rove,
Borne up on unseen pinions far above
The storms that howl earth's naked crags among;
There live on joys that change can never move,
Find bliss in praise; sweet ecstacy in song,
And Heaven in each event that rolls eternity along!

END OF NIGHT I.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

MY UNCLE'S STORY.

The old gentleman knocked the ashes out of his pipe, the old lady put aside the newspaper from which she had been gleaning intelligence concerning the 'powers that be' across the great pond, and pinning the silver knitting sheath to her side, took up the fine worsted stocking that lay in her lap; the young lady let down the thick warm curtains, and wheeled the sofa still nearer the fire. All things thus arranged, my friend began—

'Ann Home' said he 'was a wit, her sister Louisa was a beauty, and their cousin Lucy was neither wit nor beauty; but an unpretending girl with a very ample stock of plain good sense in her little head, and a very warm heart in her little body. She was the orphan child of a half-brother of Mr Home, but since her adoption by him, had borne his name. Mr Home was an honest, upright, good tempered man, fully disposed to be happy let the 'world wag as it would.' Mrs Home on the contrary, was a little, prompt, bustling woman not at all disposed to be easy herself or to allow others to be so, but still quite intent as the rest of her species in her pursuit after happiness;—this she expected to attain, when, as she expressed it, 'all things were to her mind.' Good Mrs Home was not wholly unlike the fairer half of the species also, in another particular; she was not a little of a manœuvrer, and the great end and object of her manœuvres was to have her two daughters well settled in life. It is an important fact, if which probably former lexicographers have not discovered, viz. that different persons apply entirely different acceptations to the same words. Thus it unfortunately happened, that this worthy lady would not consider her daughter, either the wit or the beauty 'well settled,' if she married a man of good principles, good character, good connexions, and good prospects; not she indeed! no, to be 'well settled,' in her opinion, that one little item, a great fortune, was indispensable: to be sure, a man of the first description she thought was very suitable for poor little, plain, freckled Lucy—but for her brilliant Ann, and her beautiful Louisa, she had far higher views. The good lady was afflicted, alas! like some others of her sex, with a contrary spouse. Mr House *could* not, *would* not understand her plans. He was as deaf as an adder to her highly coloured representations, and as stupid as an oyster whenever she hinted at the value of a little assistance from him; speculations in trade, were quite within his comprehension, but matrimonial speculations, invariably operated as poisons.—One morning Mrs Home and the young ladies were seated together, busily employed in their different occupations.—Mrs H. was engaged with some new experiment in prudence (for like most ladies of her active propensity, she was a great would-be economist,) Ann was meditating a repartee to be used on the first occasion, Louisa was adorning a new stomacher; (they wore stomachers in those days ladies) and Lucy, the only really useful person in the family, was delightfully employed with her needle. 'I wonder if Charles Peyton will call this morning,' said Ann, 'he is a most agreeable man and possesses the charm of conversation in perfection.' 'I should think he probably would,' answered the beauty. 'La how these curls do straighten in damp weather; they make one look quite like a Quaker, and are shockingly unbecoming.' 'There he is said Lucy, 'so Ann you need wonder no longer.' The door opened, and in walked Mr Peyton. The mother received him with her best curtsey, Miss Ann with the most winning grace, Miss Louisa looked pretty with all her might, and Lucy appeared just as she did before his entrance. Now perhaps you would like to know who this said Mr Charles Peyton could be, who was so fortunate as to be the subject of conversation between these fair ladies, and to become the happy recipient of their smiles and favor. He was a *gentleman*; that, in my opinion, is no small praise; for a real, bona fide, genuine, *gentleman* was almost as rare a phenomenon in those days as in the present. His talents were respectable, his person passable, character good, manners independent, but polite—in short, he was in every respect a very proper, admirable person. But what, think ye heightened all these attractions in the partial eyes of the mistress of the mansion and raised our good Mr Peyton into a very uncommon and promising young man? The secret lay in those magical little characters, $100,000! Is not the splendor reflected from such a sum sufficient to dazzle the eyes and soften the heart of any fortune-hunting woman? Assuredly it is; and could we expose that Mrs Home's eyes and heart were any stronger or harder than her neighbors? Now to let you into a great secret which you probably have not discovered. The good lady had arranged it very comfortably in her mind that Charles Peyton should be her son-in-law; Ann, the wit, or Louisa, the beauty, was forthwith to be Mrs Charles Peyton—and why should it not be? There was an old friendship between the families—he had succeeded to all his father's estates, personal and real; he was a free, unincumbered young man—had come to the North to pay a visit to his father's old friends (and probably to get a wife) and he had seen and admired Ann and Louisa; with *their* attractions and her generalizing, the necessary consequences must follow. It was indeed true that Mr Peyton *did* admire her daughters. Ann had a great deal of ready wit, and a never-failing flow of spirits; these were qualities, which added to an easy and elegant figure, and great vivacity of countenance, were not to be overlooked, and Charles Peyton was not the man to be insensible to them. Louisa was a very exquisite specimen of delicate beauty; soft, fair and blooming; gentle in her manners, and sufficiently discreet to avoid bringing herself into too strong contrast with her more talented sister, she subdued hearts by the old, common, but not less powerful means with which nature had so liberally endowed her. And shall I not say one word of the too often forgotten Lucy, who—without beauty, without wit, without fortune, and without one true friend, if we except her kindly affectionate uncle—possessed what is far better than beauty, wit, fortune, or friends—a heart at peace with itself, and all the world, and a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward man—a heart undisturbed by ambitious views or selfish cares, open to every impression of sympathy and gratitude, and enjoying a peace, which one school with the things of *self* can never know. And Lucy was not destitute of attractions either; although she never attempted a witty thing herself, her expressive countenance could sparkle and glance at the wit of others, her eyes could glisten for the sorrow of others, and above all, that which constituted her greatest charm, was the expression of heartfelt, generous sympathy in the happiness of others. Lucy Home was called by careless beholders a very plain girl, and as far as rather plain features and an ordinary complexion could make her so, she was; but to my mind, her speaking eyes, sweet smile and benevolent expression, made her almost handsome. Poor Lucy had a very humble and modest opinion of herself, and instead of desiring or expecting admiration, she was content to gain love and esteem. Soon after the entrance of Charles Peyton, on the morning I have referred to, Mr Home came home. Peyton being on familiar terms, staid to dinner. After the family had dined, Mr Home, as usual, retired to his study, and Charles resigned himself to the attractions of his fair entertainers. Lucy also left the room, and Mrs Home remarked, upon hearing Mr Peyton make some observation in her praise, and remembering this was not the first time she had heard similar observations from him, 'that poor Lucy was to be sure a good girl, but she unfortunately had some *out of the way* tastes, and was altogether quite incomprehensible.' Mr Peyton thought it was a pity she should be odd in her fancies, and quite strange that such a sensible, agreeable young lady should be in any way incomprehensible; but he was a discreet youth and said nothing aloud of his meditations on the varieties of human character. Every day Charles observed that Lucy left the room after her uncle when dinner was over, and was led by her aunt to think that she was merely following the bent of some odd freak. Lucy's mother was a native of one of our Southern States, and she was inclined from the circumstance of Charles' belonging to the same, to regard him with feelings of kindness. The bias he constantly received from Mrs Home's remarks, could not prevent his observing a propriety and delicacy in her manners which he was surprised to find occasionally wanting in her more brilliant cousins. How strange it is, that we so frequently allow the words and looks of another to contradict the evidence of our own senses and the dictates of our own reason. Here was Charles Peyton who never saw aught that was not consistent and blameless in the conduct of Lucy, and yet he imbibed a confused idea from her aunt that she was whimsical and unreasonable. Never did he see in her one action, word or look, that was not dictated by gentleness, modesty and kindness; and yet from the same benevolent source, he was led to conclude that she was, in fact, impatient and lawless.

His own observation told him that she had a generous and a feeling heart, but her aunt told him that she was cold hearted and selfish. Thus, though he did not fully believe all that Mrs Home wished to insinuate respecting her character and disposition, he was perfectly willing to avoid any advances towards an acquaintance with the poor orphan. Lucy often keenly felt the loneliness of her situation, for her uncle was the only person in the wide world who was bound to her by the joint ties of kindred and affection.—Her mother's family she had never known, for by her union with Lucy's father, she had discovered all connection with her own friends. In marrying an unknown and fortuneless man she had forfeited both friends and fortune.—This loss, however, was not long felt or regretted, for in the few short months which she lived after her marriage, she found in her husband, father, brother and kindred, and died, leaving him only an infant daughter, and the memory of her deep and enduring affection. He did not long survive her, and his helpless orphan accompanied by the brief tale of sorrow, were bequeathed to his half brother in a far distant State. All this, Lucy's affectionate aunt well knew, and she knew also that, which had Peyton, Lucy or Mr Home known, would have materially altered the face of things in her family. She had discovered that Lucy's mother was the only sister of Charles's father and that half his noble fortune would have been her mother's inheritance had not his grandfather's displeasure at her marriage deprived her of it. Lucy Ormond, or as she was always called, Lucy Home, was then Charles Peyton's cousin and nearest relative, and the very individual in whose fate Mrs H. had heard him express the deepest interest and curiosity: whom he had often declared could he discover, should immediately become the sharer of his wealth and prosperity. What was the jeopardy of our manœuvring mama now? One little inadvertence, one word carelessly spoken might bring to light this dangerous secret, and bring to nought all her deep-laid schemes, all her glittering and golden prospects, might push aside her *own*, and exalt another, and that other was the poor despised Lucy. Odious thought! but could it not be prevented? could not Charles be horried into matrimony? that effected, all anxiety would be at end, for with the bird once securely entangled in her snare, she defied all else. One thing must be done and that quickly. Lucy always wore around her neck a miniature of her mother, which was the only memorial left her of her deceased parent. If this should once be seen by Charles, all her plans would fail, for she had heard him say that his only hope of discovering his cousin, was in the resemblance she might possibly bear to her mother. *Her* image was firmly fixed in his mind, for he had often gazed with tender and compassionate interest at the portrait of her which his father had possessed. To gain possession of this picture was now the single aim of Mrs Home, as she well knew that Charles's relationship to Lucy, which her adoption of her uncle's name now prevented his discovering would be revealed should that be seen, and she contrived to effect her object by one of those artful stratagems which a designing and determined woman is never at a loss to invent. Poor Lucy lamented the loss of her miniature with true and unaffected grief, and innocently and unsuspectingly besought the aid of her aunt and cousins in searching for the lost treasure. Mrs Home was uncommonly active in her assistance, and her well-dissembled eagerness and sympathy awakened feelings of gratitude in her bosom which softened the pain of her affliction. But search was vain, add well it might be, as the picture was safely deposited in a secure box containing some other articles highly valued and locked in Mrs Home's own drawer.—Such was the state of matters when one day, Peyton wishing for a book, suddenly entered Mr Home's library, and there found Lucy reading to her uncle, who was comfortably seated taking his afternoon pipe. 'I am very comfortable you see Charles,' said the old gentleman, 'is this the book you wanted? My pipe in my mouth and this good girl by my side, I envy no one.' Charles took the book and as he was passing out saw a poorly dressed, but neat and tidy little girl, who enquired of the servant who opened the door, if Miss Lucy was within? Upon interrogating the woman he found that this was one of the many protegees in the neighborhood who received instruction from her, and through her influence, assistance and comfort from her uncle. Strange, thought Charles, as he walked musingly homeward, strange that a selfish, wayward girl, as she has been represented to me, should take the place of a daughter in imparting pleasure to her uncle, and that the cold-hearted, unfeeling Lucy should be the friend and protectress of the poor and destitute. I will look a little into this matter, for it may be, Charles Peyton, that you have allowed others to judge for you in this case. That night a bright light appeared in the direction of Mr Home's house, and it was soon discovered to be in flames. The inhabitants of the village were soon assembled, ready (as New-Englanders always are) to lend their aid in extinguishing the flames, and preserving the lives and property of the sufferers. The confused scenes of that night afforded a lively specimen of what is frequently seen in New-England at this day—women hurrying about with their night-caps on, and men with their coats off; consternation and trepidation on all sides—orders given and countermanded—the greatest exertions made to save property, and the most direct means adopted to destroy it. The mirrors were thrown out of the windows, and the feather-beds carried carefully down stairs—cut glass and china were hurried off in spite of cracking and smashing, and old chairs and sundry kitchen utensils most scrupulously handed out. One of the maids ran into a smoking room, and appeared again almost stifled carrying a little kitten tenderly wrapped in the handkerchief taken from her own neck. Who that has ever witnessed a 'fire' in a country town, but will recal instances of the utter abandonment of sense and judgment even in those who on ordinary occasions exhibit a respectable share of both. The hurry and confusion of this night were great in proportion to the value of the property at stake. Mrs Home seemed to be omnipresent; she was every where at the same time—much to the annoyance of those around, who heartily wished she were no where; for these managing, busy, bustling bodies are sure in all cases of emergency to be unaccountably in the way. Miss Anne's wit appeared to have quite forsaken her, and though Louisa's beauty remained unimpaired, it was of but very little use. Lucy's plain good sense seemed to be a very valuable quality and was justly appreciated. As she was passing by her aunt's door, she saw by the light of the flames which were rapidly spreading on all sides, the drawer of her bureau half open. She ran into the room and seeing the box which she well knew was held in high estimation by Mrs Home, she snatched it from its place and hastened down stairs. As she reached the bottom she ran against some person coming in an opposite direction and the box slipped from her hand. In falling, it split into a thousand pieces, and a picture, which she immediately recognized as her mother's miniature, rolled on the floor. Charles Peyton, who was the person she met, picked it up and cast his eyes hastily upon it as Lucy exclaimed, 'The picture! oh my dear mother, have I found your dear resemblance again.' Charles, with a face all wondering and confused, and looking first at Lucy and then at the miniature, said, 'Your mother, Miss Home? your mother did you say? If that picture is indeed your mother's likeness, you have not only found the shadow of a lost friend and relative, but have found a living one. The original of that picture was my father's only sister, and you are of course my own cousin—one whom I have long and earnestly sought. 'O la,' said the damsel of the kitten (who was standing by), glancing at the picture which Lucy still held in her hand, lost in sudden amazement, 'if that isn't the same identical picter my mistress was looking at, and putting down to the bottom of that are cute little box that lays on the floor all in splinters now. I seed her with my own eyes this evening as I was carrying some water into her room. What a pity that harnsom little box is broke, isn't it Miss Lucy? mistress will feel so bad, but you've got the picter any how and she'll be glad of that, because she took so much pains to put it away so nicely to night.' A sudden light broke in upon Lucy's mind as she heard these words, and the web which Mrs Home had so skilfully woven round Charles was unravelled; but this was no time for speculations or explanations, and Charles and Lucy separated with their hearts and minds full to meet again when all mystery should be revealed, and all secrets brought to light. The fire destroyed a large part of the house and furniture, and Lucy gladly and gratefully employed a portion of the fortune which Charles insisted upon immediately making over to her, as her own in right of her mother, in replacing it. The manner in which the picture had been lost, was never openly discussed in the family, but this together with the motives by which Mrs Home was actuated in keeping from Charles the knowledge of his relationship to Lucy, were perfectly understood. The newly found cousins soon became better acquainted. Ann, the wit, married a man without fortune, much against her mother's will; but a generous present from Lucy, in some degree reconciled the good lady to the match. The beauty had the good fortune to 'catch' a spendthrift of great wealth, which she in a short time helped him to squander. Not many months after, Charles Peyton told Mr Home, that he should be quite satisfied with his plain little cousin Lucy for a wife, and if he had no objection, he would bring their relationship a few degrees closer. 'And indeed my dear Lucy,' continued the old gentleman, turning to the listening wife beside him, 'I have never had occasion to regret the step, and I hope you have not. The old lady smiled in reply, and I could then discern in her face a faded image of the little, freckled Lucy Home of MY UNCLE'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

NOT AT HOME—NO I.

PLEASE AND BE PLEASED.

By Ernest Berenger, Esq.

POETS and sentimentalists tell us in sombre strains, that life is replete with miseries—that the world is a desert, and the grave a place of refuge. That there are no joys which wither not—that the brightest hopes fade first; that harpy-hands too often defile the banquet of enjoyment, and dash the goblet of pleasure from the lips of expectancy. In this spirit sighs the disconsolate urchin, in a travestie of Moore's admirable passage,

'I never had a piece of bread,
Particularly large and wide,
But always fell upon the floor,
And ever on the *buttered side*.'

Now we beg leave to insinuate with boatswain Chucks 'in the most delicate way in the world,' that this notion is all *fudge!* Life is well enough, and the world too, for that matter. True—they have their pains, and rubs, and mortifications and disappointments, but then these all serve to give zest to a plentiful proportion of enjoyments and delights, as the pickle gives an edge to the appetite of the epicure.

Let it be remembered that pleasure and pain are relative terms. We could form but little idea of the one without a taste of the other. And the life in which the last was not commingled with the first, would certainly be but a miserable affair—a kind of negative existence. It would have nothing to quicken or animate—nothing to excite the hopes or evoke the energies of mind; destitute alike of every object of exertion, of the eagerness of conflict, and the keen joy of victory. No—the broils and turmoils, the strifes, and breaks and rapids of life can by no means be classed among its misfortunes. They serve to give it a sort of dramatic interest and effect. They preserve its current from stagnation, and keep up a healthful play in all its pulses. Life, we repeat it, is well enough. And if any sighing pretender or blue-devilled dyspeptic is disposed to question it, let him be assured the fault is in himself. He has never learned the true secret of 'good living,' or as Cicero calls it, the 'ars bene vivendi.'

This earth is full of these malingers and shedorers of human happiness. Those who have no sympathy except with the dark and dismal—who in reckoning up the joys and miseries of life are ever poring over the debit, in contempt of the credit side of the account; who look upon every scene through the medium of a jaundiced eye, and give every picture a kind of Salvator Rosa-like effect.

For ourselves, we started in the world with a firm resolution 'to please and be pleased,' and a merry time on the whole we have had of it. To be sure we have had our ups and downs, our vexations and tribulations, as well as other men, and we would not have it otherwise; but we have learned that it is as easy to laugh as to cry, and that feelings of good will and fellowship are much more pleasant guests, than those of anger, contempt, indifference or pride. We have learned that there is no situation which has not its peculiar joys as well as troubles, and that there are no circumstances which may not be rendered tolerable, and even in some degree agreeable. With proper art and tact the web of happiness may be woven of apparently very unsuitable and incongruous materials. And as the bee gathers honey, so the mind may derive pleasure from very unlikely and unexpected sources.

Resolve to please and be pleased. The texture of a man's life is of his own creation. His principal joys and miseries after all, are the products of home manufacture. Every one carries in his own breast the laboratory, where are formed the instruments of his felicity, or

'the engines of his pain,
The toole which sharp his sorrow.'

Reader, resolve to please and be pleased. The frost of reserve, the hauteur of self esteem, the apathy of pride—discard them all. Cherish not the foolishness of anger, the broodings of malice, or the bitterness of envy. They are the cankers which eat into the vitals of happiness, and if pent up in the breast will wreak their vengeance on the walls of their prison-house. Let your sympathies flow forth freely and widely. Disdain not to feel an interest in every thing around you. Away with pouting, and snapping and growling. Remember that it is as easy to smile as to snarl, and to bow as to bite. Good bye. Our advice is gratuitous—make the most of it.

TAR-BRUSH SKETCHES.

BY BENJAMIN FIPERAIL.

NO. VII.

We'll not get up the night, Ben, for I heard the pilot tell the Cap'n he'd come to an anchor.

I know it,—too cursed bad, sint it Dennis.

Kape cool, Benjamin, darlint—yer mother'll do as well widout ye one night more, as she's done the twalemost an over.

Yes, to be sure, but—

The orders for getting ready to come to an anchor, and the bustle of coming to, handing sails, etc. cut off our conversation for an hour or two. All snug, we lay at anchor in the roads, in sight of Boston, and by a little stretch of the fancy, almost in hearing of the buzz and din of the city. It is the very dullest and most anxious hour of absence from home, the last one before communicating with friends on shore. All the hopes which have buoyed up the mind during the passage, become, particularly in such a case as ours, 'hope deferred,' and, indeed 'make the heart sick.' One dreams of happiness at home with a relish, and bugs the phantoms to his heart, while he knows that the next hour cannot bring a 'change o'er the spirit of his dream' and substitute unwelcome intelligence for happy anticipation.—But when he is aware that a few hours at the utmost, will bring him to the substance of the shadows which have hung around him, and almost conversed with him, or—blight his dreams with the information that one or more—perchance the dearest of his visions, are but visions of the departed; then, then the possibility of the latter event is gall and wormwood to him—detarring all happiness in looking to the future. He is miserable, feverish with anxiety—hoping an instant, and anon afraid to hope. The hour after parting is infinitely lighter than the hour before meeting. Who knows in the long absence from home what friends have gone down to the grave—or—who knows with what countenance living friends will receive him? Who can anticipate the character of the welcome? Will it be warm? cold? or no welcome at all? Is she, the dearest, still the affectionate, confiding, or has she—

Oh whack! Judy O'Flanagan!

Bah! Why Mr Benjamin Fiperail that is a pretty exclamation after such an affecting strain as you played us.—I verily began to look for my pocket handkerchief.

I know it my dear reader, (you are a lady, for a dozen) but its just the exclamation Dennis uttered, as he clapped me on the shoulder—and I could forgive it, easier than the thundering blow on the back which accompanied it. I was leaning over the rail, soliloquising 'just that way,' when his top maul fist came down upon me like a blow from a pile driver.

What do you mean?

To scatther the blue divils flat. Divil a bit nearer you'll get to the shore, Ben, for stannin an counthin the staples.—(In an under tone.) There's a drop o' the crather in the forekisle Ben.

Obo!

* * * * *

The 'fo'c'sle was emptied allround, to sweethearts and wives. Don't plume yourselves upon the ceremony, ladies, for in nine cases in ten there is more devotion to the liquor than to your own sweet selves in an observance, latterly, also, since the days of reform set in, 'honored in the breach.'

Well, said Bill Britush, I'm glad we're 'one again.

No, you aint to home by a darned sight, said Greasy, a thoroughbred Yankee. I guess there's as much odds as difference between our city of Boston and your tarnal smoky towns of London and Liverpool.

Oh shut yer mout bote iv yes, an no lip about countrys at all. London an Liverpool an Boston, bote iv em isn't to be mentioned in the same day wid our beautiful Dublin.

Talking about cities, (said Greasy) guess you never was up where I come from? Sicha place—growin town—don't see one like it in every day's ride, by as much as tew chalks.

Some bit of a bog, wid a matin house, murther what a name for a church, wid a matin house on the edge iv it.

Got out! Amerika *is* like Ireland, I don't think. Tell you what it is, Denisis, we don't have no bogs, they are all mill privileges—lots of gals—fine as silk—speculation—hurras! Let Amoshab Sawyer shew his face in that neighborhood, and if he don't make a breeze, I calculate taint many fellers that can.

What'll ye be after doin in the bush?

Dewin? What won't I dew? Father me I, first go off,—just put the tacklin onto that old critter o' yours. An then see I, Caisy yer long tail! or you'll git a taste o' the long tailed cash I'm thinkin.

Long heats? That's the corn Cobbett still 'was 'ow to plant.

Cobbett? is he British?

Yes.

Don know him. Guess he never was up our way, cause I never heern of a man o' that name gittin a lickin here.

Getting a whippin! I don't see 'ow that proves anything.

You don't? Well jest look here a breen o' shakes. As Squire Jones used to say, the case lays in a nutshell. If Cobbin or any other tarnal foreign Englishman, was to undertake to show our folks how to plant corn, I reckon they wouldn't call a meetin to take the sense o' the town, afore they give him an almighty thrashin. So seein nobody o' that name has been licked, I take it nobody never undertook to teach nobody how to plant their corn.

O your higgorance excuses you.

Higgorance, well now look here Bill British. If you'd a ever seen Noah Webster's Dictionary, you wouldn't a talked igorance, higgorance. Oh get out!

Higgorant or higgorant, its all the same hoey way, and its just what spells your name.

Now none o' your darned insinivations—right here under the guns of Fort Independence tew! If I was President Jackson I'd make a law, that there shouldn't be no Eng-men come over. Ignorant! Why od rot and darn ye to darnation, look here!

Here Aminidab Sawyer, twitched up the cover of his chest, dove under his clothes and 'curosities,' hauled out a tin box, took out a paper, opened it with the triumphant air of an advocate who has discovered a poser for his antagonist, and handed it to Bill.

There, said he, poking his finger at it as if he feared it would bite—just you take particular notice of what's on that piece of paper, and then say I'm ignorant if you think it's wholesome. Right side up it you please. Why, can't you read without spellin it aout?

I don't see what I'm to do with your protection.

Protection! Wal, if parson Monotonous, and Squire Jones, and Reuben Pimento, Abijah Speedwell, Rehoboth Hunt, and Jeroboam Hough, Selectmen of the town of Cedarville wouldn't a haw-haw-ed to hear that, I miss my guess. Protection! why you darned eternal fool that's my character!

Ho, ay, from your last place of service.

Service! a free born American citizen of the United States go to service!—its enough to make a minister swear, as I *will* swear, I'll be darned if I don't—damn it!

Take care boy, take care, don't you damn me!

I didn't—I didn't, I damned *it*—don't you know grammar?

Oh jis stop this blather now, said Dennis, interposing, hould yer brawlin, an be paceable jist at home as we are.—Rade that paper Aminadab, and thin tell us about Saydarville.

Yes, father, ses I, put your tacklin on to the boss—

Botheration b'y, don't be tackin away that paper. It indade and indade you are not ignorant, as Bill here, sis, let's know it. Its meself that have doubts; you must rade the paper wedther or no.

Why a feller don't really altogether like to read a paper out loud, that says right out, pint blank, that he's ony one notch below the master,—stuttered Aminadab with a sort of 'do-coax-me-to' look. Dennis understood it.

Niver mind thin, Aminadab, we'll not hurt your failins that way—lave alone rading it, an tell us what ye'll do at home.

But Aminadab with his voice pitched an octave above his usual tone, had already commenced with a nasal twang, and without regard to such trifles as punctuation and inflections of the voice, sang through the following

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that Aminadab Sawyer is a lad of good moral walk and conversation, and has deported himself in such wise by attention to his studies, as to merit the approbation of his instructor.

DILWORTH ACCIDENCE.

I certify that to the best of my knowledge and belief, the above is the character of Mr Sawyer.

SAVED-BY-GRACE MONOTONOUS,
Minister of the Gospel.

We conquer in the above,

Reuben Pimento,
Abijah Speedwell,
Rehoboth Hunt,
Jereboam Hough. } Selectmen of Cedarville.

Whereas the respectable gentleman whose names are above signed and affixed, and whose signatures are undoubtedly and indubitably genuine, their own hands having been set thereto in my presence, have seen fit to give the young man Aminadab Sawyer their endorsement and approval, I have no hesitation in affixing my own—provided always, that my signature, so signed, affixed and appended, shall not be construed into any warranty for reparation of any mischief, damage, or breach of trust, which he the said Aminadab may commit after date of these presents, or which he may have committed prior hereto.

ARTEMAS JONES,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law.

Cedarville, August 1st, 18—.

What d'ye think o' that for a recommend—guess't'll carry me een a most any where, hey?

It strikes me that Squire Jones is rather apocryphal.

Guess he is faith—rather goes ahead of the minister in most things—such a recommend as his'n isn't to be had every day—worth a trifle to me, aunt it?

You'll take it in your pocket, and apply for a mate's berth next voyage, won't you Aminadab?

Shouldn't wonder if I did—don't tell every body what I mean to dew—one voyage is enough to larn a feller like me, seamanship—know the craft all foreun aft. Wouldn't give a feller a certificate on that pint, would ye Mr Fiferail?

I think you had better ask the captain.

You don't! Why, do you know he's a *leetle* mite too much stuck up, for my money? Feels his oats amazinly.

As how?

Had a cegar one night, real Spanish, not half smoked.—Six bells, second mate sung out, 'hold the reel!' run aft—

Smoking?

Sartin, wa'n't a goin to throw away a cegar't I paid a cent for. Says the Captain, says he, throw that nasty thing overboard. An so I did, couldn't disobey orders you know. But that wa'n't all. Says he, 'Ef you ever come aft smokin again, I'll smoke you.' Then again 'tother morning stood at the hellum, old man come up, peeped all round at the weather, pleasant day Captain, says I. Who the h—ll told you to speak? says he. Oh no Mister Fiferail, couldn't think o' askin *him* for a recommend.

Who told you to Mister me to night? Never heard you do it before?

Never kind o' wanted you to dew any thing for me afore.

And so me darlint, you mane to come Paddy over him, do ye. Hould on a bit, an I'll give ye a caracther; an if Ben here'll put it on the paper, it'll be the makin iv ye.

'Greed.

In the first place say his protection is iv no use til him at all, by rason there's no disputin he's a regular Yankee.

Good, stop a minute. I say, *you* Bill British can't we trade? sell the protection out an out for fifty cents, an take an order on the Cap'n. Good as new—never used it—cost me more, a darned sight, considerin time an all.—What next?

Say he's like a grane dry stick, cut off iv the bush an dried wid the bar-rk on, so he's not so grane as he looks, an a dale betther man than his modther.

Oh git aout! You're makin a fool of a feller.

Divil a bit, me b'y wid a hard name, the Lord has saved us that throuble. Say he's always first on the taup'sle yarrd, an sticks to the bunt like a sailor; an that he's a capital hand on board—

That's the thing!

To kape bread from mouldin.

I'll be darned if I stand that, its no kind of a recommend at all.

Well thin, its the bist we can do for ye, an seein you don't like it, you must do as Benjie told ye, go to the skipper.

Spose you think I' 'fraid tew—aint by a long ways.—I'm as good as he, an my father was as good a man as his'n. Free country, guess I aint beholden to him.

Bravo, ye're a lad of spirit to be sure, but don't let it be all talk. I'd like to see you in yer own town I would, cuttin a swell an astonishin yer modther. But ye niver was to say afore?

No.

I tought as much, an I shouldn't think you had been at all, if I didn't know it—don't get mad, its only bekase it sits aisy on ye. Will ye know how to carry sail whin ye get ashore?

Guess I shall.

Oh but you won't though. Har-rk while we tell ye.

You must clap a patch o' tar on your helbows and on your trousis.

Thrue, that's better nor a recommind. Whin you see yer modther, you must say—Damn it, say ould un how d'ye modther it?

Yes, and if a breeze comes up, sing bout, Ello, bold lady, hunreeve your bed cords, and lets send down the chimblies!

An harkee, don't forget what I'll tell ye now. Remimber no thrue sailor will slape widout the roar iv the ocean in his ears—

Gorry, but they haint got a sign of an ocean up to Cedarville.

Niver mind, put yer modther out doors wid a quart pot in a bucket iv wather, an tell her to trow it on the windy.

Now look here you take me for a natural fool, just git yer [illegible] and tacks aboard—

That's it—and Dennis last him a slap on the back as he spoke—that's it, me darlin, you spake like somebody now—

Well, you needn't kill a feller, ain't a chokin. You come up to Cedarville, and I'll show ye the lay of the land I guess.

Bravo! again. We'll do that thing, I, and Ben Fiferail and Bill British,—

All hands! up anchor.

In a couple of hours we we were along side the wharf, and before the morning mists were scattered, the crew of the Neptune were separated—till pay day.

[Ben Fiferail's concluding sketch, is a visit to Cedarville, with which we shall next week finish our extracts.—Upon the first reading of this, we were disposed to consider Aminadab a little too green, but honest Dennis's similie, a 'grane dry stick, from which the barrk is not yet taken,' satisfied us of the truth of the portrait. If the reader does not like it—all we can say is, that he is more unreasonable than the EDITOR.]

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1835.

TO MESSRS HENRY GODDARD AND JOHN B. CROSS.

Gentlemen—One word more—give us hold o' your button! I have but this moment met with your joint reply in the Boston Daily Advertiser of the 19th, to the flattering notice I took of you both in a late Galaxy. You are very severe—so far as I am able to understand you both—*very*; but, waiving for the present all further notice of your manifold impertinences, errors, and misrepresentations (as we say in chancery) and reserving to myself all and all manner of objections thereto hereafter, I beg leave to confine your attention just now to the one thing needful; and lest you—Mr Henry Goddard—may choose to clog your first offer with another condition, before a fellow can get his breath, allow me to close with you at once. You may decide upon the object of your *threatened* charity—another might say *intended*—but I am rather fastidious about words you know. Perhaps it were better to give you the authority in a legal shape—and therefore, here goes!

Portland, Aug 25, 1835.

SIR—*Value received*, please pay over to either of the following charitable institutions! or to one or more of the same, whatever your conscience will let you pay, on account of a certain transaction with Mr John B. Cross, alluded to in the Galaxy, under the title of '*The pound of Flesh*'—and the receipt of the treasurer, or other person authorised to receive the same, shall be your discharge in full—so far as it goes.

J. NEAL.

To MR HENRY GODDARD.

Female Orphan Asylum—Portland.
Infant Schools' Portland.
Westbrook Seminary.
Maryland Colonization Society.
Institution for the blind in Maine—or elsewhere.
Society for the relief of persons in decayed circumstances—Portland.
Any well regulated Manual Labor School—orthodox or otherwise, in the state of Maine.
African School, Portland—if it can be found.
Society for the compensation of those who have been piously defrauded by everlasting talkers.

And now—a word or two by way of a P. S.

What on earth do you wish people to understand Mr Goddard, by the first—ay, or the last—or any intermediate paragraph, in your last reply? You insinuate—though I dare say you never intended to do so—that your communication has been refused at the Galaxy office. Ans. It was never offered there.

And again—what do you mean further to *insinuate* by—'Having lost none of my *own—self respect*—* * * that I hope not to recover in *my companionship* in that paper'? Is the man beside himself?—Would he have it believed that *he* has anything to do with the Galaxy!—Or would he ruin it forever by a single dash of the pen! By Jolly! but that's too bad.

And again—Here is something more than what I have before called *insinuation*. I hate to give it the real name—'Mr H. Goddard being our friend and we his.'—It runs thus. 'I (*Henry Goddard*) cannot so far *forget myself* as to ask him (that's me!) to publish that reply.' Why the fellow had already asked me to publish it, and I had promised to do so!—provided it was not altogether too Henry Goddardish. Yet he has the impudence to *insinuate* that he was above asking that very favor.

But to conclude. As Mr Henry Goddard seems half inclined to believe that I had disqualified myself by prejudging this case—I will undertake to furnish him, *at fifty cents a head*, with the signatures of any number he may wish of '*intelligent* and respectable citizens,' who regard his transaction with Mr Cross in the same light I do.

But enough. Partly out of compassion to Mr G.—and at the repeated solicitations of his personal friends, I let him off much too easy the other day. Emboldened by my forbearance, he has thought proper to take the field in another shape, getting saucy, and fortifying himself with the testimony of Mr J. B. Cross, and with a certificate from 'General Fessenden,' the Vice President of our Abolition Society, though better known throughout New England, as having *certified* to the character, and for aught I know, to the honesty and courage of Mr Francis O. J. Smith. (A fact I allude to now, at the suggestion of J. B. Cross himself, though I refused to do so when he first mentioned it.)

And now, a word with Mr J. B. Cross.

Your certificate is exceedingly disingenuous—to say the least of it, and very impertinent. I never told Mr Goddard nor anybody else that you had expressed your *wonderful dissatisfaction*. On the contrary, I told him, that you acknowledged to me you had said nothing to Mr Goddard, nor of him, till you had occasion to settle with the other person who charged compound interest; *after which you professed a determination to make it public—and you did make it public accordingly*; and you adhered to your resolution after the Galaxy appeared. What on earth has changed your views of the subject? *The cause, hey?* And after you followed Mr Henry Goddard. And *after* him, the New England Galaxy! For this I am sorry—the Galaxy should have been *first*, with such a transaction. Mr Goddard ought to have been made an example of, at once, and without fear or favor. But *friendship*—you know—*friendship!* my dear sir—is apt to play the very mischief with our purest intentions—that must be our apology.

N.

P. S. We should like to know whether Mr Henry Goddard revised your communication before it went to press—there is such a mixture of absurdity unintelligibleness, good nature and ostentation, that I feel obliged to look upon it as the joint production of both.

MAINE IN AN UPROAR, Madawaska in a ferment, Mattawamkeag and Saccarap in *popular* commotion, Jack Downing with his beaver on, Sargeant Joel all 'attention!' Anson Herrick in a stew, and the devil to pay all over. Of a truth, *we*, that is, ourself, (as our senior says,) *are* a great man. Two or three weeks since the Eastern Magazine came to us, with 'Please notice,' pencilled on the cover. Having seen nothing in the previous numbers entitled to warm praise—disliking to bestow faint praise—and being much too—indolent, if you please, to go down into the State of Maine to abuse a lady, even though she should in literary things resemble the objects of John Randolph's particular aversion, we had till the receipt of that number, held our peace—and should even then, had it not been for a friend, who, confound him, is always instigating us to do something which brings a hornet's nest about our ears. 'Notice it,' said he, 'notice it!' 'But it is not worth a notice.' 'Then tell her so'—and in an evil hour, so we did. Alas that the organs of caution are not more fully developed upon our unlucky head! Mark the consequences: the Bangor Advertiser, saying all sorts of things meant to be very severe, in an article a column long, in which our name is *nine* times taken in vain, besides the bestowal of divers cruel nicknames and diabolical innuendos, comes out almost simultaneously with a number of the Galaxy, in which, Heaven forgive us! we called the Bangor Advertiser 'a well filled sheet'! And all for what? Why because we said, as before noted, that 'we saw nothing in the Eastern Magazine, aside from the fact that it is edited by a lady, that entitles it to notice;'—enquired why, (having one good Magazine in Maine, another should be attempted, and wound up, by stating the simple truth, which applies as well to every Magazine in the United States as to Mrs Carter's: 'the Eastern Magazine may be well patronised in the immediate sphere of the lady's friends and acquaintances; beyond that, where it is judged by its actual merit, it may not fare so well.' That little paragraph reader, has raised the tumult set forth at the caption of this paragraph, and even more, betrayed the editor of the Bangor Mechanics' and Farmers' Journal out of the noiseless tenor of his way, to say, the Galaxy is striving to put down the Eastern Magazine. We never thought but twice of the Magazine, and that was once too often—much less of putting it down. But, of a truth we *are* a great man to raise such a dust, and can afford to be magnanimous—therefore we will. A word in your ear, Mrs Carter. Save yourself from your friends. That same Mr Anson Herrick, whom your correspondent makes talk so like a Quixotte (he certainly did not write his own editorial in this case) he, Anson Herrick, publisher of the Advertiser, did, in our presence, in the Reading Room in Smith's Block, in Bangor, in the State of Maine, maliciously, sneeringly, insultingly, and with evil intent turn up his nose at the Eastern Magazine, then and there being on file in the reading room as aforesaid; and furthermore, he did disparagingly and with malice prepense say, before us, and to us, all that is in our paragraph contained, and *more*, which happening exactly to express our opinion (the fellow *has* some sense) we did, upon the receipt of your 'Please notice' insert in the Galaxy newspaper the wicked paragraph—and with the more confidence we did it, from having received a Bangor confirmation of our Boston opinion.

There, we have done for to day, without saying a word about Mr Herrick's witty attacks, or rather Mr Herrick's wire puller's attacks upon us, as we have seen the fact demonstrated that his private opinion, and newspaper opinion are quite different things.

W.

P. S. We are happy to learn from other sources than Mr Herrick's Advertiser, that the last number of the Eastern Magazine, is much better than those preceding.

STORIES OF CHILDREN.

My dear P.—I am not satisfied with anything I see in the shape of *Children's books*. They are all more or less unintelligible to the little creatures; written in language they never hear spoken, or calculated to teach something mischievous—as for example, that birds talk.

Now I happen to be the father of three children to my share. The oldest, Mary, begins to enjoy the little stories I make up as we sit together, hour after hour, and I can see that she profits by them every day. James, the second, wont go to bed Sunday nights, without a sermon in the shape of a story. And with the third, Margaret, I foresee that I shall soon have my hands full. To save myself, and others I hope, a world of trouble hereafter, I have a notion of putting a few of these little things into shape, under the title of STORIES FOR CHILDREN, and of publishing them, for the present, in the New-England Galaxy. Hereafter, if I can find a spirited publisher who will pay my friend Johnston for illustrating them, and the mothers of our day for using them, I will undertake to furnish a series of the best little books for children that ever appeared. I am perfectly serious: and to prove my sincerity, I will acknowledge the authorship and put my name (if required) in the title-page.

The stories are intended for children of all ages, and will be progressive.

N.

Sample No. 1.—For babies of every age.

The old pussy-cat and the two little pussy-cats.—Once there was an old pussy-cat and she had two little babies. And they all lived together. And the old mother pussy-cat used to catch mice and carry them home to her little baby pussy-cats. And there was a naughty boy lived in the house, and when he heard the little pussy-cats cry, he used to creep all round the house and try to find them. But when the old pussy-cat was at home, they didn't cry—she used to put her paws on them and make them lie still, or give them their supper and then they would go to sleep and not make a noise. But when she went away, they would crawl up the side of the box they lived in, and go *mew!—mew!—mew!*—and try to look out to see if their mother was coming. Well, one day, the poor old mother pussy-cat was very hungry; she had been out all the night before, and was only able to catch one mouse, and that she carried home to her little babies and wouldn't eat any of it herself. And so, she wanted to slip away slily after the little pussy-cats had gone to sleep, and get something to eat. But they wouldn't go to sleep—they kept tumbling and rolling about and playing with their tails—and every now and then, they would jump on her back and try to get out of the box. Well, by and by, the poor mother heard a noise, and what do you think she saw?—Why! if there wasn't the little naughty boy, close by the side of the box, on his hands and knees trying to get up.—And so the poor old mother cat was dreadfully frightened—and she wanted her little babies to lie still, but the more she wanted them to lie still, the more noise they made.—And at last, when she put her paws on them, and begun to purr over them to sing them to sleep—what do you think they did?—why both of them begun to cry as loud as they could scream. You'd 'a thought the mother was killing them. And with that up gets the little naughty boy, and puts his hand into the box and grabs at one of the kittens—but he was glad enough to pull it out again, about the quickest! for the old pussy-cat gave him a scratch, and set him a squalling. And then the little pussy-cats were more frightened than ever, and tried to get away and hide themselves somewhere; but they couldn't get out of the box.—And then the naughty little boy's mother came and whipped him, and while she was whipping him, and he was screaming, what do you think the old pussy-cat did?—why, out she jumped, head-first! right out of the box, with one of the little pussy-cats in her mouth! And then she run off with it and hid it where the naughty boy couldn't find it, and then she came back and got the other, and carried that one away and hid it. But the home they had now was not half so pleasant as they had before. It was cold and dark, and away up garret by the side of the chimney—and the little pussy-cats were afraid to make a noise there—the naughty boy had frightened them so; and they were glad enough to mind their mother after that, and used to go to sleep when they had their supper, and not make any noise when she held up her paw at them.

No. 2.—For 'children of a larger growth.'

The Life and Adventures of Tom Pop. Chapter 1. Once there was a poor little boy and his name was Tom Pop. And he had no father nor mother—and no brother—and only one little sister: and she was a baby, and her name was 'Melia Pop. But he had an old grandfather that lived a great way off in the country, and his name was Jotham Pop. Well one day, poor little Tom Pop went a begging for he was ragged and dirty, and there was nobody to take care of him, and he hadn't had anything to eat all day and he was very hungry, and his grandfather lived a great way off and didn't know poor little Tom Pop's mother was dead. So he took a little bag and went round to the back-door of a great big house and when he got there, it was very late and the door was open, and in he went without knocking—for he didn't know any better—and when he got in, he couldn't find anybody to speak to; all the servants were out of the way, and he did'nt know where to look for the master and mistress. But at last he heard somebody whispering, and he walked along softly a few steps farther, and looked into a door and there saw a man with his shoes off standing before a side-board, with a great pile of silver things before him, and a dirty looking woman holding a bag for him to put them in. And when Tom saw that, he began to be afraid—but he didn't know why. The man looked so dirty and cross, and the woman was barefooted—and so he thought to himself, maybe they are thieves—for his poor dead mother had told him about wicked people that go about stealing whatever they can find.—Well and so—he thought he'd speak and try to frighten them away; but just as he was going to speak, the man turned round a little and saw poor Tom Pop in a looking-glass watching them. And the woman saw him too, and she was so frightened, she dropped the bag, and the man pulled out a great big knife, as sharp as a razor, and run up to poor Tom and caught him by the throat as if he was going to cut his head off. And poor Tom tried to scream, but he couldn't. And then he thought of what his poor dear mother said to him when she was dying—how he must always tell the truth, and never take any thing without leave—and always pray to his Father above to take care of him when he was in trouble. And while he was thinking of this, and praying as well as he could, the woman and the man whispered together, and then after listening a few moments, the man let him go, and the woman took up a great silver fish-knife and told him he might have that if he would be a good boy and hold his tongue. But Tom said no—and pushed it away. And then she called him a little fool, and put it into his bag, and the man told him to be off in a minute, or he would cut his throat; and before he could open his mouth to say a word—the door opened and in came the master of the house with a pistol in his hand.—And with that the man catched up the knife and run at him—and poor little Tom screamed as loud as he could scream, and the neighbors all came running up to the house, and the man got away and jumped out of the window, and nobody could tell what became of the woman.—But they took Tom and searched him, and when they found the fish-knife in the bag, they were just going to carry him off to jail; but somebody happened to ask him his name.—And when he told him it was Tom Pop—and that he had no father nor mother—and that old Jotham Pop was his grandfather, they wouldn't believe him, but called him a liar and a little thief, and then he began to cry. And then they talked about poor Tom's mother—Ma'am Pop they called her and some of them called her widow Pop—and they said he ought to be ashamed of himself to own he was related to her. And some said it was better for her to be dead—poor creature; and others said Tom Pop would certainly come to the gallows. And poor Tom stood there in the corner crying as if his heart would break. But at last the gentleman of the house got all the people away, and then he went up to poor little Tom and took his hand, and spoke kindly to him, and asked him how old he was, and where he lived—and when Tom told him he didn't live anywhere—and that he was only six in February—the man began to cry, and asked him how he could be so naughty, as to go about stealing at people's houses. And with that Tom said he didn't go about stealing—he never stole anything in his life, but once, and that was an orange—and then he up and told the whole story about the fish-knife. But the master of the house did not believe him. And then Tom offered to go and show him where he slept ever since they carried off his poor mother and put her into the ground, and took away his little sister 'Melia, and left him all alone to take care of himself; and he wanted the man to go and see the people that his mother used to wash for when she was alive, and ask them whether he was a naughty boy, or used to tell wrong stories, or take things that didn't belong to him.

And the man said he would go the next day and see them all, and if Tom Pop had told the truth he would take care of him and send him to school, and when he got big enough, shew him how to build houses, ships, or make shoes or something else. And while they were talking together and poor Tom was crying as if his heart would break—they heard a noise in the cellar; and then a great barking and screaming, and after a few minutes, in came the servants dragging in the very woman that Tom saw holding the bag. And they had her safe enough now. They heard somebody screaming in the cellar, and when they went down to see what the matter was, they found the naughty woman there trying to get into the ash-hole. But the dog had her fast enough; and every time she would crawl in a little ways, he would pull her out again with a growl—bow—wow—wow—and then she would swear so all the neighbors could hear her. And so they pulled her out of the ash-hole and dragged her up stairs—and she kept kicking and squalling all the way—but the dog had got hold of her clothes and wouldn't let go. But the moment she got into the room where she saw Tom Pop, she broke away and flew at him as if she would tear him all to pieces—but old Cæsar—the dog's name was Cæsar—he sprung after her and caught her behind—just here—and whapped her over on the hearth. And then she got *so* angry!—she almost foamed at the mouth!—You little rascal! said she—you little tormented fool!—if you'd a kept out of the way, and not meddled with what didn't consarn ye, all that heap o' silver there would 'a bin over to Cape Elizabeth by this time!

Bow—wow—wow! said Cæsar.

Bow! wow! wow! you beast!—Let go my hair!

And with that she gave Cæsar a slap in the face, and he gave her another shake to pay for it. But she was more frightened than hurt. So long as she kept still and didn't try to get hold of Tom, Cæsar would sit there watching her, same as a cat would a mouse; but the moment she begun to roll about and kick up her heels, or try to get at poor Tom Pop—bow, wow, wow! he would go, and then whap! he'd have her all along on the floor again. It was no use trying to call him off—he wouldn't stir an inch; and when they took hold of him by the collar and tried to drag him away—bow—wow—wow!—he'd say, and they were glad enough to let go of him, I tell ye.

And so at last they sent for an officer, and took the bad woman off to jail. And the next day they found the man that was with her. And when they had got them in jail, they made them tell the truth. And the man of the house—Mr Page—when he found that little Tom Pop told the truth about the fish-knife, and that all the neighbors that used to know his mother spoke well of her and of him and of his old grandfather Jotham Pop, he called Tom up out of the kitchen where he was eating his dinner, and said to him.

Well Tom—I find you told me the truth. You are a good boy. How should you like to come and live with me?

Very much, sir.

And go to school?

And go to school, sir!—oh I shall be so happy!—I've always wanted to go to school so: but mother was too poor.

Too poor!—why you could go to the town school, my boy, where your mother would not have to pay anything.

Yes, sir—but she couldn't spare me. I use to get all her chips for washing.

Oh, ho! said Mr Page; I understand you now. Can you read?

Yes, sir—a little.

Let me hear you, said Mr Page; and then he took down a testament from the shelf, and Tom read a chapter in it, right off like a man; and he read it so well, that Mr Page gave him the book for his own, and told him he might go to school the very next day.

But, sir! said little Tom Pop, holding down his head and playing with his fingers.

Well, said Mr Page, what's the matter now?

Please, sir, said he—I should like to see grandfather first.

What do you want to see him for? said Mr Page.

Because grandfather has always been good to me, and he knows best what I ought to do.

That's a good boy! But where does your grandfather live?

At Poland, sir!

And where is Poland, Tom?

Oh, sir, it's only twenty or twenty-five miles off.

And how do you mean to get there?

Oh, sir—I can walk.

Walk!—you walk twenty-five miles, my boy!

Yes, sir—I've walked further than that, sir.

My brave boy!—You shall see your grandfather to-morrow, and I will see him with you, and if you are always as good a boy as I think you are now, I will take care of you till you are able to take care of yourself.

Upon this he patted him on the head—and poor Tom began to blubber again as if his heart would break.

Here endeth the first chapter.

THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT. CELESTE has been drawing full houses at Tremont Theatre during the week. She has played in nearly all her characters, and they appear to lose nothing in interest by repetition. Her acting is indeed the 'poetry of motion.' Henry J. Finn has commenced a short engagement at the Bowery, New York. If, as is stated, the American Theatre, New Orleans, will not be ready for some time, and Finn can find leisure to play in New York, why can we not be favored with a short engagement of Clara Fisher, and Miss Cushman, at the Tremont? or are they not in the city. Charley Eaton is praised extravagantly in Pittsburgh. Deduct one half, and enough is then left to content himself and his friends. Mr and Mrs Wood, and Charles Keane and Ellen Tree are probably on their passage to this country. The Woods, are, we understand to make their appearance here, Kean and lady (?) in Philadelphia. Will the New Yorkers strive to damn the whole four, as they severed the Ternans?—Dinneford's new Theatre, the Franklin, opens in N. York on the 8th Sept. next.

By the way, we have, from an esteemed correspondent, a long defence of Tremont against an attack in the Recorder. Does not our friend know, that that paper is not authority in theatrical matters? Every body whose opinion is of any consequence to the Drama knows that Mr Barry has done every thing in his power to make the regulations of his house unexceptionable, and to give place to a long answer answer to the Recorder article, would be giving it more consequence than it is entitled to.

W.

COMMODORE ELLIOT. It has always been a wonder with most people how any body *could* contrive to render himself so exceedingly unpopular in so short a time, as Commodore Elliot does—everywhere, at all times—and under all circumstances. To be universally hated and despised is the lot of but very few in this world.

For years, at home and abroad, we have been in the habit of defending this man against the ten thousand times repeated charge of *ingratitude, treachery*, and *cowardice*. While we had the highest opinion of Perry and of others, who looked upon Elliot with detestation and loathing, we could not believe—we durst not—that a man who had distinguished himself in the last war, by cutting out two armed vessels under the very guns of Fort Erie, was a coward.—Nor were we at all ready to believe him a traitor. But a strange discovery has just been made. It turns out that the commander of the vessel carried by Elliot, with a force hardly exceeding a fourth of the British *was a relation of Elliot's*! If so—we have nothing more to say. We give the matter up. Perry knew him—Towson knows him now, if he never did before—and we know him, well enough now to surrender at discretion to those who have always laughed at us for believing either in the courage or good faith of Commore Jesse Elliot, *now Commander of the Constitution*. God save the President of these United States! and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

N.

☞ Prevented by our engagements from being present at the exercises at Cambridge, on Wednesday and Thursday, we take pleasure in laying before our readers, the notes of a friend who attended.

W.

COMMENCEMENT.

A NUMEROUS audience attended the Exercises at Cambridge on Wednesday, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The parts were, on the whole, very respectable. But there were several circumstances which marred the pleasure derived from them.

In the first place many of the young gentlemen were not sufficiently attentive to the perfect enunciation of their words. Nothing so detracts from the success of a speaker as rapidity or indistinctness of utterance. Nothing can atone for these deficiences—neither beauty of composition nor animation in delivery. While correctness in these particulars, will fix the attention when other attributes of oratory are wanting. Our language, although it is decried as being irregular and unmusical, may be made pleasant to the ear, if it be properly pronounced. It *should* be properly pronounced by the graduates of a University which holds so high a rank as Harvard—and they should never render themselves obnoxious to criticism for a defect on this point.

The poem was good—very good—and did credit to the head and heart of the writer. But the declamation of poetry requires far more correctness of elocution than that of prose; and the poet was faulty in this respect. He clipt the terminations of his words and ever made it a point to omit the *g* in the last syllable of such words as imagining. Otherwise his delivery was good.

Again—the subjects were badly chosen—there was too much—a great deal too much about America. It is a blessed country we know—and we are as patriotic as could be desired—but the adage says, 'Too much of a good thing,' &c. Of the twenty-one parts, sixteen, we believe, treated of America—American mobs, American literature, American character, American institutions. The sameness incident to such a similarity of subjects was wearisome to the audience.

Thirdly—There were sundry remarks, inuendoes and witticisms of a *party* character. This impropriety was severely noticed by one of our newspapers the last year, and its recurrence is a matter of sincere regret. It is not so much the fault of the young men, as of the Professors who have the regulation of the matter—for young men (especially collegians) are ever red-hot politicians,—too much so to guard against an improper ebullition of their feelings. No occasion could occur when we should think it more improper to indulge them, than at a College Commencement. If our Seminaries are to be tinctured with party spirit—our young men made politicians as well as scholars, and a line to be drawn between this University and that, as belonging to one side or another—well and good—the more politics are treated of, the better. But if our Colleges are, as they should be, only nurseries of the mind,—whence invidious distinctions are wholly excluded,—it is certainly in very bad taste, and must be productive of most injurious effects, to permit any remarks of the kind.

The Valedictory Oration in Latin by Mr G. F. Simmons was an elegant performance. Every word—every *letter* was heard. The oratory was truly delightful.

PHI-BETA-KAPPA. The day was delightful and the church filled. The Oration by Mr Parsons was well written and his subject ably handled—but we must be allowed to say that the subject was wholly incongruous with the place and the occasion.

It was 'The disposition of the poorer classes in our community to effect a wider distribution of property, the impossibility of this, in consequence of the truth of the political maxim "Power and wealth must go together"—and the duties of educated men in regard to the consequent existing state of affairs.' The orator has himself put the lance of criticism into our hands. He said in the outset to the following effect—'Let no one think that I would say anything *here* in the spirit of party. Is there not one corner where this spirit may not come?' Yet was his whole oration *grounded* on party distinctions,—at times too, forgetting the rule of conduct he laid down for himself, he indulged in most invidious remarks: unnecessary even in illustration of the subject of which he was treating.

We notice this point more particularly, for it certainly is of sufficient importance to justify severity. Let *us* ask, *Is* there not a corner where the spirit of party may not come? In busy life it is all around us.—It deadens patriotism in our halls of legislation—penetrates into the forum—roams every where about our streets—and we go to the still seclusion of a literary seminary—and we find it rioting *there!—Is there not one little nook where the spirit of party may not come!*

We expect to see assembled at the anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the talented of our land—the Alpha of America in the aristocracy of *mind*—without sectional, theological or political distinctions,—all brethren—all united by one common tie—the improvement of their country in knowledge,—every one forgetting for one day in the year the distracting subjects which elsewhere engage his attention. How can our expectations be realized, if those whose duty it is to address them, stir up the sleeping embers of excitement?

The orator tells us that 'The professions are crowded because all succeed'—we feel disposed to quarrel with him in regard to this assertion—for we cannot bring ourselves to believe it. The professions are crowded because education is altogether improperly administered,—because there exists a false idea among educated men about the respectability of the professions as compared with other situations in life—because in consequence of this false idea, men are not what Heaven made them for,—because there are many lawyers who should be constables, farmers, blacksmiths, anything but lawyers—because there are many ministers who should be any thing but ministers—and physicians who should be any thing but physicians. This is the reason that the professions are crowded.

The poet of the day, Mr Peabody of Cincinnati, was unwell, and unable to deliver his production. It was therefore read by Rev. Geo. Putnam of Roxbury. It were more than unreasonable to expect a man to give poetry its beauty, when reading it without previous examination. It were therefore, unjust to criticize.

H.

FRANCIS O. J. SMITH—*Minister at the Court of St James!* In a late Boston Atlas we see it *rumored* that F. O. J. Smith is talked of as the *Minister to Great Britain!* Good God!—what are we coming to.

But perhaps we may be able to fathom the mystery. The paragraph undoubtedly originated with Mr F. O. J. Smith himself. And with a view to one of the two following alternatives. If *not* followed instantly by a general burst of indignation—or of laughter and mockery—from one end of the country to the other—the incredulous contempt of the people would be mistaken for indifference—and their indifference for *acquiescence*. But on the contrary, if followed, instantaneously and everywhere, by one general shout of derision, or amazement—then Mr Francis O. J. Smith, knowing the temper of the old General, might calculate with *certainty* upon a nomination. Such is the plan. If one string snaps, the other must hold. But again we say—*Good God, what are we coming to!*

N.

VISIT TO THE AMERICAN CHURCH. By Drs R[illegible] and Matheson; 2 vols—Harpers, New York.

Well worth reading, if it were only for a few passages like the following, scattered here and there over a wide reach of narrative, speculation, and most delicious blundering by the reverend authors.

'Unitarianism is confidently said to be still increasing in this country. I am prepared to say *as confidently* that it is not; *that it is declining and declining rapidly*.'—Unitarianism declining and declining rapidly in the United States!—man alive!—do you know what you are saying?—You might as well hope that Methodism or Universalism, or any other ism of the age were declining. They are not—all are flourishing—all—and many more that as yet have not even a name. The book is a very pleasant book—the very mistakes are pleasant—and plentiful enough. But we beseech of ye, most reverend authors, lay not *that* flattering unction to your souls! Unitarianism is not declining—it is thriving, ay, and thriving, as it never throve before. It wants but a word—a touch—a spark—and there will be such a change perceived in the relationship of parties—so instantaneous and amazing, throughout the New World, as few would be willing to believe now. The multitude are almost on fire for a new religion, whatever you and others may believe to the contrary. And why!—whose fault is it? Yours and yours only. You are all quarrelling among yourselves and nobody knows which to believe.

N.

WILD FLOWERS AND SEA SHELLS. We owe an apology to Messrs Newhall and Lewis, for not having before referred our readers to their advertisement. The work projected by them, if we judge from the materials within their reach, will be well worth purchasing. Subscriptions received at this office.

W.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR comes double to subscribers last week. A large portion of the edition of week before last, having been destroyed by fire, it was reprinted.

BRIDGWATER PATRIOT. Messrs B. & G. H. Brown, have commenced in Bridgewater the publication of a paper under the above title—to be neutral in politics.

THE NEW YORK TRANSCRIPT appears on an enlarged sheet, as promised before the late disastrous fire in New York.

MORE ORTHODOXY.

DEAR SIR—Mr ——'s affair with Mr —— has reminded me of the following anecdotes.

No 1. Some time ago, Mr —— was in the habit of sending to a certain bank in this city to get large quantities of cents in exchange for bills. It being thought somewhat singular, the enquiry was made as to his object; and it was found to be to make four per cent. For in making change to purchasers from his store, he chose to give six cents instead of fourpence halfpenny, and twelve cents instead of ninepence, which gave him a gain of four per cent. This is fact, and will be substantiated by the officers of the bank.

No 2. Mr —— has been long in the habit of sending ten cent pieces to neighboring stores, to procure cents for the same purpose as stated in No 1. The clerks of one of his neighbors will swear to this.

No 3. Some time since Mr —— had occasion to correspond with a gentleman on the subject of land; and in the letter he is said to have written, 'if you succeed in getting me in as an original purchaser, you may charge the postage of this letter to me.'

No 4. He once borrowed a ninepence of a gentleman in the market, to make change, and told him to call at his store some time as he passed, and he would refund it. After some time the lender called, and Mr —— instead of paying him in his own coin, fumbled over the change in his drawer for some time, in order to make it out in cents; thus showing his *willingness* to pay compound interest, as he says in his defence before the public. This anecdote is authentic. Who wonders that he is rich?

No 5. A partner of his went out on a *spree* at a certain time, and drank wine to such a degree as to increase the rapidity of his circulation. Presuming that Mr —— would hear of it, he opened the case to him the next morning, and told him that he was sorry, and wished to have the offence forgotten. Mr G. replied that he would examine into the case. He did so, and the result was, that he told his partner that they must dissolve partnership. The young man entreated for mercy, till at length Mr —— told him that if he remained with him, he must charge him *one thousand dollars* for the offence. This may be true or not; but supposing it true, what a dear glass of wine, eh!

No 6. Ask at the corners of the streets, for as there is no end to numbers, so there is none to anecdotes of the above nature.

N. B. I should not have mentioned these, but in compliance with the implied wish of Mr ——, who, in his late appeal to the public, is willing to leave it to those who know him, to decide whether his taking compound interest of Mr C. were inconsistent with his *known* business character. [See Daily Courier in reply to the Galaxy.]

No 7. Mr —— employed a man to kill a calf. The man did not come so early as Mr —— expected, and he begged him to put off killing till toward night, as the calf had *had his breakfast*, and he wanted him to grow all he could. This we are assured is also a fact. The butcher is a most respectable 'fellow citizen.'

No 8. Mr —— sold some tin to a very honest fellow who lacked 9d of the money. Mr —— let him off on condition that he would bring the 9d next time. But the next time he forgot it, and brought but just enough to pay for what he wanted. That night he was *called out of bed* by Mr —— who called to get '*that are trifle*.'

No 9. Mr —— once sold nails by the cask. On a certain occasion he sold Mr D. a number of casks—say 10—and he charged 25 cts apiece for the casks. Mr D. remonstrated—but Mr —— persisted on the score of custom—'invariable practice' with himself, 'adopted before he knew which way it would cut,' &c. &c. &c. Mr D. paid it and put the bill away. Some years afterwards, Mr D. became agent for a nail factory, and Mr —— bought casks of him. Mr D. charged 25 cts apiece for the casks. Mr —— remonstrated—he had never heard of such a thing in his life. Mr D. persisted in his quiet way and taking his desk, put his hand upon a file of papers, and drew forth Mr ——'s original bill. Of course Mr —— had nothing more to say.

Enough for the present.

N.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE opened to visitors on Thursday, elicited but one expression from those who went over it, that of praise. The furniture is magnificent, the accommodations ample, and the whole arrangement does infinite credit to the taste of Mr Brigham. It will be opened to the use of the travelling public on Monday, as a Temperance House.

MRS BUTLER'S JOURNAL. Under the head of Theatricals, Figaro in London, speaketh in this wise:—'Two theatrical occurrences have happened this week; the new publication of Mrs. Butler's Book, the other [illegible] Life of Kean.' Of the *ci-devant* Miss Kemble's work on America, we cannot but speak in terms of the greatest disgust. It is unfeminine and unlady-like—foolish, frivolous and silly. All the trifling thoughts which pass through the mind of other persons, and are swept from the memory like dust from furniture, Miss Kemble, unluckily for herself, noted in her journal, and unwisely has allowed them to be published. Mr. Butler indeed must be a bold man. It is a sad thing to look behind the scenes in this manner, nor can we compare the plainful image presented to our minds by the perusal of this work, to any thing else than the disgust felt towards the sex, on immediately rising from the reading of Dean Swift's witty, though filthy description of a lady's dressing-room. Mrs. Butler has torn the jewelled diadem from her own brow, she has cast off the robes of tragedy, and appears before us the slip-shod and slatternly actress bustling to rehearsal, or lounging over her breakfast in curl papers. The romance of Fanny Kemble has vanished, and to us she can be no more than Mrs. Butler, the feeble and foolish follower in the footsteps of Mrs. Trollope.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

If Ernest Berenger, Esq. will forward us his address again, we will attend to his request. It has been lost.

The 'Gamesters'—a Tale, next week.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.

FROM EUROPE. English papers to the 24th ult have been received at New York.

The American squadron left Naples previous to June 20 with 80,000 ducats, the annual instalment of the indemnity which Naples has agreed to pay the United States for the confiscation of the property of her citizens.

A Paris correspondent of the London Morning Herald says that the plot to assassinate the King originated with the police.

A letter from Smyrna, dated June 1, mentions that a conspiracy against the life of the young King of Greece has been discovered.

The cholera continued to rage with great violence at Toulon, and had spread into some neighboring districts. It had appeared at Marseilles and Montpelier.

A division of the French army at Algiers was defeated near Mecta, on the 27th June, by the Arab Chief, with a loss, as the French papers acknowledge, of 600 men.

The Chambers had got through the evidence against the Lyons prisoners, and the prisoners' counsel had commenced the defence. None of the twenty-eight prisoners who escaped had been retaken.

The roof of a tunnel dug near Waterford for the London and Birmingham Railway, fell in on the 16th July, and buried ten men beneath, all of whom are supposed to have been killed instantly.

It is stated that Don Carlos had issued a decree that all foreigners found in arms in the cause of the Queen, shall be shot. The Morning Chronicle says that the British Government have despatched a messenger to him to say that if he carries his decree into execution on a single British subject found fighting in the cause, Don Carlos shall be held responsible, and dealt with accordingly. Eight hundred men have been enlisted in Glasgow for the service of the Queen of Spain.

Sir Robert Peel made a speech of great effort in the British Parliament on the 2d July, against the reforms proposed in the Irish Church establishment.

The convicts of New South Wales set a pattern of morality to their brethren at home. A prize fight was lately to be got up at Sydney, between two pugilists, but they were arrested by the police, and bound over in £200 a piece.

TEXAS. We are pleased to learn that the disturbances in Texas are likely to terminate amicably; and that the troops sent thither by the Mexicans were solely intended to counteract any insurrectionary movement consequent on the capture of the land speculators and other offenders—Santa Anna fears to excite the ardor and apprehensions of the Texians; and endeavors to have it divulged that he is favorably disposed towards them.—*New Orleans Bee.*

DOMESTIC.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday,

Abraham Lansing, licensed as an auctioneer, and his bonds approved.

William G. Eaton, resigned as an Engineer of the Fire Department.

The committee on the petition of the company of Lafayette Guards, for a suitable place for an armory, either in Faneuil Hall or some other suitable place, reported, that there is no vacant room either in Faneuil Hall, or any other of the public buildings, which can be appropriated for that purpose; accepted, and the committee discharged.

Petition of the Mercantile Wharf Corporation, to have Commercial street repaired; referred.

Lemuel Porter had leave to dig a well in Prince street, and draw water by suction.

FIRE IN CHARLESTOWN. About half past five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, fire broke out in a one story wooden building near the old bridge, occasioned by children's playing in shavings near a stove. It spread rapidly, many of the buildings being old and of wood, and the tide being low its progress was not stayed till nine o'clock. The Mercantile Journal published a list of 72 buildings destroyed, which does not include outhouses, in Main street, from the bridge to the Square, the Square, from the Mansion House round to the Salem Turnpike, excepting the Bunker Hill Bank building, Joiner, Gill, and Water streets. At the point where the Salem Turnpike enters the Square, the street being very narrow, the fire was prevented from crossing with immense difficulty. Here a marine from the Navy Yard, named White, was particularly noticed for his services and intrepidity, working on the roof, with an axe on the building opposite the one in flames, when it seemed almost impossible that human being could abide the heat, to say nothing of the danger. Beside the Boston Engines, there were engines present from Salem, Danvers, Milton, Quincy, Dedham, Dorchester, Roxbury, Brookline, Cambridge, Chelsea, and other neighboring towns.

The damage has been estimated at $200,000, upon which insurance is stated to have been had as follows: Manufacturers Insurance Co $45,000, Neptune 15,000, Firemen's 12,000, Merchant's $5,000, Mutual $5,000, Mutual $5000 Mutual (Middlesex) 20,000—$102,000.

The firemen were often exposed to great danger, and at one time, a number being hemmed in by the flames, were compelled to cross several docks before they could escape. Mr Elisha J. Taylor, of Engine Co. No 5, whilst in the discharge of his duty, fell from the roof of a two story building on Devens's wharf, and we regret to learn was so seriously injured that little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

When the fire broke out Tuesday evening at Charlestown, a gentleman from Bangor was present, and when the first engine came up, in the enthusiasm of the moment, threw off his coat, in the pocket of which was a pocket-book, containing notes and drafts of the value of *fifteen thousand dollars*, and went to work at the brakes. In a short time he missed his coat, and could not find it. This morning it was restored to him—having been found by Capt Conn, of the brig Palestine, with the pocket-book and contents all safe. Mr O. J. Shaw, of Bangor, was the gentleman who lost his coat. There were several Bangor gentlemen there assisting, who found it necessary to throw off their coats, on account of the heat; they did not carelessly throw them down, but left them in the Middlesex Hotel, which was unfortunately burnt, and afterwards on endeavoring to find them, could not. Mr Shaw generously offered Capt Conn $20 for his trouble in returning the coat and pocket-book, which was most nobly refused.—*Transcript.*

Melvill Engine, No 13, was the first one that played on the fire at Charlestown on Tuesday evening. She arrived before the Charlestown Engines had formed a line.

The editor of the Transcript has discovered, by reference to the town records of Boston, that George R. T. Hewes, 'the man of a hundred years, who visited us last July,' and was toasted every where as 'the last of the tea party,' was born on the 25th of August, 1742—from which it seems that the old gentleman has been adding *seven years* to his age—he being in fact only *ninety-three.*

The steamboat Mail for New York closes at the Boston Post Office at 12 M.

The Hon. Daniel Webster of this city, and Rev. Charles Burroughs of Portsmouth, have been elected to fill two vacancies in the board of Phillips Exeter Academy.

NEW BUSINESS. Old boots and shoes are now purchased by cart loads in New York city, and taken to an establishment near Harlaem, where they are manufactured into Prussian blue, a species of paint very valuable, and not, until recently, made in this country.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIVES. About 11 o'clock last night a fire broke out in the brush factory of E. L. Smith, No. 156 Water st. next door to Maiden lane, which was soon consumed. It then communicated in the rear to the extensive saddlery and hard ware store of Edwin Hunt, No. 131 Maiden lane, and the wholesale boot and shoe establishment of Calvin W. How & Co. No. 129 Maiden lane, which extends through to Fletcher street, both of which were entirely destroyed. An apprentice of Mr Smith, of the name of Henry Francis, about 16 years of age, who was in bed in the third story, was burnt to death and a child of Mr Smith's about 3 years of age, badly burnt, was saved from death by being thrown from the second story into the arms of the crowd. A servant girl, who was in the third story, to avoid the flames, was obliged to jump from the window, and was seriously injured.

Yesterday morning the extensive turpentine works at Brooklyn, belonging to Mr Cook, were destroyed by fire.—*N. Y. Times.*

Mr. Lauriat, accompanied by his son, about 12 years of age, made a fine ascension from Castle Garden about 45 minutes past 5, P. M. Wednesday. The balloon rose to a great height, taking the course of the East River and Flushing Bay. He landed at nine o'clock, in a field at Flushing, adjoining the Linnæan garden of Mr. Prince, by whom he was hospitably entertained. At one time Mr L. was at the height of 8500 feet, and at others held conversation with passengers on board the different steamboats. —*N. Y. Mercantile.*

The Charleston Courier states, that on the 20th inst. at 9 A. M. a man by the name of Richard Wood, a barber, who had been for some time in the habit of purchasing stolen goods of the negroes, was taken down to the wharf, by a number of gentlemen, and there deliberately 'tarred and not (feathered, but) *cottoned.*' Cotton being the chief article in which he operated, and to such extent it is said, that he was in the habit of exporting 60 bales a year. He was then lodged in jail.

Two black gentlemen, of New Orleans, recently had an affair of honor in the neighborhood of that city, which resulted without drawing any blood, except what flowed from the leg of a poor woman, who was fishing near the spot, and was severely wounded by the pistol of one of the combatants.

An opinion prevails in New York, that two late disastrous fires in that city, were the work of incendiaries. The Journal of Commerce states that a young man who was sitting in a door opposite, when the first flashes of the fire appeared in Water street, went immediately to the spot, and he says a flame was ascending all along the hall and up the stairs, which appeared as if it were fed by a train of spirits of turpentine or some other inflammable liquid which had been strewed along the floor. The appearance of the fire in Ann street, when it broke out, was very similar.

About the middle of this month, a young man named Elam of Franklin, Kentucky, met a Mr Sharp Beauchamp, in the streets of bowling Green, and deliberately shot him down. Beauchamp is not dead, and Elam after submitting himself to a magistrate's court, was examined and discharged. Beauchamp wronged the sister of Elam.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, John Barnard to Sarah P. Johnston; Samuel Wilbur Jr to Sarah D. Pinder; Joseph Pettingill to Mary Wallace; William Swords to Hannah Allen; Joel W. Gay to Harriet Adeline Thayer; Shepherd W. Richmond to Emmeline G. Patch, of South Reading; L. W. Thompson of New York, to Caroline E. Pinder; Benjamin Franklin Hutchinson, of Lowell, to Mrs Grace F. Gage.

In Roxbury, Charles K. Dillaway, of this city, to Martha Ruggles, daughter of Rev Huntington Porter, of Rye, N. H.; Mark Hills to Ann Maria Graindner—both of Cambridge.

At West Cambridge, John C. Prescott of Boston, to Sarah Cook.

At Salem, Peter Dross of Boston to Mary Ann Saunders, of S.; Charles Allen Browne of this city, to Rebecca Putnam, daughter of the late John H. Andrews, of S.

At Portsmouth, N. H. Jeremiah Ross of this city to Sarah Ross, of P.

At New Bedford, Thomas F. Gilman, of this city, to Elizabeth M. Packard, of Sandwich.

At Portsmouth, Capt Stacy Hall Jr of New York, to Eliza Jane Bennett, of P.

At Fort Snelling, Lieut. E. A. Ogden, of the 1st Regt. U. S. Infantry, to Eliza E. daughter of Brevet Major Loomis.

DEATHS.

In this city, Charles Seaver, of the firm of Crockett, Seaver & Co.; Mrs Lillie Wentworth, 44; Henry H. Willard, 29; Edward Howard, a revolutionary pensioner, 88; Charles Dodd, 35.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mary Elizabeth H. Douglass, daugter of Henry Douglas, aged 5 years and 9 months.

At Charlestown, Ezekiel G. Fletcher, 44.

At West Roxbury, Mrs Betsey Hobart, 52.

In Beverly, Sarah, wife of Francis Woodberry, and only daughter of Dr Ingalls Kittredge, 34.

At Dudley, Hon George A. Tufts, 38; member of the Senate from Worcester County; also one of the Committee for Revision of Statutes.

At Pittston, Me. on board sloop Mechanic, Capt Jenkins, formerly of Quincy, Mass. 68.

At Pittsburg, Henry Baker, 27.

At Savannah, Thomas Kendall, formerly of Boston, 42.

On board brig Ark, of Newburyport, when 3 days out from Boston, for Cadiz, Samuel Young, seaman, of Providence.

On board brig Hollander, on the passage from Rotterdam to Boston, Wm Hervey, seaman.

Lost overboard from brig Tilton, on her passage from Calais to Boston, Wm Sayer, 21, a native of Margate, England.

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c. Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bollen; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Rossina, &c. &c. august 29

NEW WORK.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL of the Medical Sciences for August. This day received by the Agents of the work, MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 29

RICH ALBUMS.

A LARGE assortment of the above article, consisting of Arabesque, embossed Rich Calf, and fancy gilt Bindering—of a by a superior style and quality, are just received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st. august 29

APPROVED

SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the notes under Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement entire revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the "English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently a teacher in Hawkins street School, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the towns in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee, Boston.]

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Aldermen's rooms, May 5, 1824, it was—Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition, be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.

JOHN PIERPONT, Secretary.

Alger's Murray's English Exercises—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuous and accurate writing—with which the corresponding rules, notes and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated: also, References in Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger, jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences, in relation to certain parts of these Exercises, for want of those facilities which this volume is designed to supply. Those rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty 18mo pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston. 6th stereotype edition. Price, neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having been sold of this popular work, the Publisher has now stereotyped it; and the author desirous of rendering it more worthy of the favor it has received, has made some additions, which will supersede the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempts at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first exercise or lesson consists in giving the word, or a number of words, and instead of asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence or idea of *his own*. From this single exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular procession from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the tests of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the *Models* of some of those apparently the most difficult, were written by the pupils in the school of which he has the charge.

☞ As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received commendable notices from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Elliot School, Boston.

By such a work, all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led on progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject, which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition, like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

☞ The same author has in progress, a second part, or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books, handsomely printed from stereotype plates, and neatly bound, just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy's buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. eop1s3m may 30

N. ENGLAND MAGAZINE,

NO. 50, for August, this day published by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington street, (up stairs.)

CONTENTS.

Original Papers. Art. I. The Garden. II. Are Great Minds prone to Skepticism? III. Napoleon's Epitaph —By Mrs Sigourney. IV. The Vision of the Fountain—by the author of the 'Gray Champion.' V. I will remember Thee. VI. The Origin and Progress of Music—No. II. VII. Summer Philosophy—A Colloquial Lecture. VIII. Parting. IX. Church Reminiscences. X. Sonnet. XI. Literary Humbug. XII. Smoking. XIII. An Apology. XIV. *Critical Notices.* XV. *Literary Anecdotes.* XVI. *Obituary.* august 1

THE FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE

AMERICAN GALLERY,

SUMMER STREET.

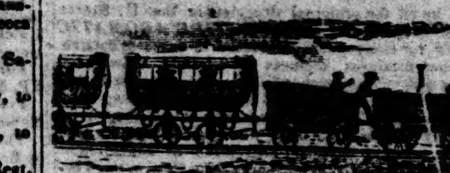
OPENED on Wednesday, June 17th, at 7 o'clock with a collection of 150 Paintings, most of which are the works of American Artists, and have not been before exhibited in this city.

Admittance 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. Catalogue 12 1-2 cents. H. C. PRATT.

june 20

BOSTON AND LOWELL

RAIL ROAD.



ON and after Monday, 24th August, and during the remainder of the season, the Cars will

Leave Boston at 7 A. M.	Leave Lowell 7 A. M.
" " 11 A. M.	" " 2 P. M.
" " 5 P. M.	" " 5 P. M.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets Price One Dollar each.

august 22 GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

MANTEL GRATES.

THE Subscribers have just completed and have for sale, some very neat and handsome Cast Iron MANTEL GRATES, which are offered for sale at very low prices.

Also, a good assortment of Russia Sheet Iron and small chamber Grates and Stoves of all descriptions.—Purchasers are requested to call and examine their assortment before purchasing.

LEAVITT & BATES,

july 18 1mis 16 Union-street.

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52. Water st.

may 16 istf

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principle Drug stores in this city. 6m august 8

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H D PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

GOSLING'S PATENT FRENCH CHEMICAL

BLACKING.

THE undersigned have the pleasure to announce to the inhabitants of Boston and its environs, that they have arrived in this city, to receive orders at wholesale for this excellent article. The various compositions now in use for polishing Boots and Shoes, have long been complained of as causing the leather to crack and become reddish. The undersigned have, however, been so fortunate, as to discover a process that will supercede those rather expensive compositions, to wit—a kind of Paste, which not only possesses the virtue of preserving the leather, and of giving it the most brilliant black, but requires only one fourth of the common labor; it will not soil the whitest linen—renders the leather water proof, is warranted to retain its virtue in any climate, and to increase in beauty by age; its peculiar fragrance will easily distinguish it from spurious compositions. We have in our possession upwards of 10,000 Certificates, some from the first nobility in France, as well as from the republicans in the United States, and from many of the most eminent professors of Chemistry. To introduce this article to the public, Messrs. G. & Co. will supply this celebrated article at the same price as the common Blacking now in use. To prevent counterfeit, each box is marked with the signature of

L. GOSLING & CO.

All orders left at the Eastern Stage House, No. 84 Ann street, will be punctually attended to.

☞ Reward of $1000 is offered by Messrs. G. & Co to any person who will produce an article of better quality. july 25

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

387, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.

may 30

THE ORIGINAL

GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 32

RESTORATEUR.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken Cellar No. 7, Congress Square, where he intends to furnish hot Dinners in every variety that can be found in the most respectable establishments of the kind in the city.

The subscriber would beg leave to say that he will spare no pains to make it every way a convenient and desirable place for those who may favor him with their patronage. ORRA GOSS.

july 4 tf

REMOVAL.

CHARLES ADAMS has removed from No. 115 to No. 47. Hanover street, where he will be happy to wait upon his former customers and others who may be disposed to favor him with their patronage. He offers as above a general assortment of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS at wholesale and retail.

august 1 is3t

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

REMOVAL.

A. B. GALUCIA, Painter, has removed from his former stand, corner of Water and Bath street, to the rear of 251 Washington street, where he will continue all kinds of HOUSE and SIGN PAINTING and GLAZING. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. 1mis august 22

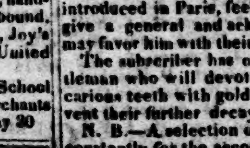
PHRENOLOGY.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,

may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

IMPROVEMENT ON

DENTAL SURGERY.



DR. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—In three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the rectitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

☞ All Lynn Advertisements appear upon the inside of the Galaxy. The advertiser should mark the Number of insertions he desires; otherwise his advertisement will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

BIBLES.

SCOTT'S Family Bible; Common Family Bibles, in rich bindings; Comprehensive Bible; Polyglott Bible and Testaments to match. And a great variety of editions in elegant and strong bindings, for sale at the Bookstore, two doors East of the Hotel. april 4

PRINTING.

THE Subscriber would respectfully remind his friends and the public that he continues to execute orders for PRINTING of every description, with neatness and despatch. J. R. NEWHALL.

Lynn, April 4, 1835. 2d door East of the Hotel.

JUST RECEIVED.

BY J. R. NEWHALL, 1st and 2nd doors east Lynn Hotel, a new assortment of articles in the book, stationery and fancy goods line, among which are a prime lot of Rogers' Penknives, Silver Pencil Cases, Metal Pens, Quills, Paper, Cards, Ink Stands, Writing Books, &c.

Lynn, Feb 14

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street an extensive assortment of Broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Gambletts, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.

Also, a fresh supply of Rogers's Imperial Stocks.

ROPES & LAMSON.

R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn, sept 20.

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:

Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few *flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united:—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

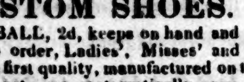
Subscriptions received by either of the Editors at Lynn, or by H. HASTINGS WELD, Editor of the N. E. Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils: Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Paletts: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6



READY MADE.

CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 198 Tremont street,

july 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

COCHRANE'S

FOREIGN Q'T'LY REVIEW.

THIS work will be added to the Republication of Blackwood and the Metropolitan Magazine, and the three furnished to subscribers for $7 per year.

The ability which has acquired for the Foreign Quarterly Review its elevated character being transferred to the new has determined us in the above selection.

Those who are subscribers to the Reprint English Quarterlies may now become subscribers to the abovenamed works without thus obtaining duplicates of any.

S. COLMAN, Pub. Blackwood &c. for N. E.

june 20

THIS DAY

IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. HUGH L. WHITE, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election july 18

BLANK BOOKS AND

STATIONARY.

CONSTANTLY for sale, by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street, a complete assortment of Blank Day Books—Ledgers—Journals—Wastes—Sales Books—Cash Books—Manuscripts—Memorandum Books—Note and Receipt Books—Writing Books, &c. &c.

Blank Books manufactured to order, after any pattern required.

Stationary of all kinds—Cap, Letter, Pot, Folio, Post and other Paper—Quills—Slates—Wafers—Ink—Drawing Paper—Music Paper—Drawing Pencils, &c. &c.

Blank Deeds—Bills of Lading—Leases—Bills of Exchange—Drafts—Warrantee Deeds—Mortgage Deeds, &c. &c.

☞ Warranted on as good terms as can be purchased in the city. 1m july 18

MATTRESSES, FEATHER

BEDS, TICKING, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.

june 27

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S. JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas antiquitati praeponenda sint.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.

FRANCESCA CARRARA. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. GOULD'S POEMS—New Edition.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC, for 1836

Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

STRAW CARPETINGS;

AT A REDUCED PRICE.

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,

july 25 414 Washington street.

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.

july 11

STOCK AT COST.

THE Subscriber having concluded to close his business, offers for sale his stock, with a lease of the store now occupied by him. The above presents a fine opportunity for any one wishing to commence business, the stand being first rate, and having its share of good customers. The stock will be retailed at cost, and consists of a good assortment of Wrought and Plain Shell and Horn Combs, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Engravings, &c; a few copies of the French engraving of the Declaration of Independence on hand, which will be sold low, to close them. J. FRANCIS KIMBALL,

july 25 6w 16 Hanover-st.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

DR. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.—Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration; where also may be had, Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. july 18

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No. 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.

Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.

june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.*

The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books &c.

april 4

DRY GOODS,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Rouen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to *shrink in washing.*

2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

1 bale Domet Flannel.

4 do col'd American do.

4 do col'd Dometts.

3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.

1 do do Furniture Dimoty.

1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.

Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.

Cases of English and American Prints.

Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.

Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.

Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.

1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.

Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 3c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.

1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.

Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s pr yd.

1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.

2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.

2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.

1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.

4 do American Sewing Cotton.

5 bales Russia Crash.

3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.

1 case English Pins.

7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.

ELIAB STONE BREWER,

may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,

INSTRUCTER OF THE

SPANISH LANGUAGE,

AND OF

DRAWING.

feb7 JOY'S BUILDING. ROOM, NO. 24.

GLASS DOOR PLATES,

DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBERS.

MANUFACTURED and Warranted by the NEW ENGLAND GLASS COMPANY—the most durable and ornamental articles for outside and inside doors.—Specimens of various kinds constantly on hand and may be seen at their Ware House, No 140 Washington street Boston. 6m nov 1

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞ A large discount made for cash. april 4

WATER PROOF PREMIUM

GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks, —Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet —Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows —Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by

nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Galliot Venillia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gadiolus Natalensis, Tigridia Conchiflora, &c.

june 20

PRINTED MUSLINS AND

JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

FOR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS,)

CASES 32, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;

Cases 30 in. do do do do Plain;

do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do;

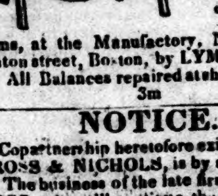
do 30 in. do English do do very superior;

do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style;

do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.

Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.



PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand. JOSEPH L. ROSS,

august 8 PEREZ NICHOLS.

BLEACHED AND BROWN

AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows:—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochero Sheetings,

do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,

do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,

do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,

do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,

do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,

do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrefe, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

LADIES' BATHS.

BRAMAN'S NEW BATHS are now open for the season. Ladies' Warm, Cold, Plunging, and Shower Baths, fitted up in good style, in a separate building. Female attendants at all hours.

☞ Gentlemen's Swimming School now open for the season, for those who wish to learn to swim, or bathe.

june 20 ep4w

NEW JEWELRY

ESTABLISHMENT;

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington-street, Joy's Building—

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

april 18 is3m

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.

Refer to Messrs.

ROB'T G. SHAW & Co. and

EDW. & WM. B. REYNOLDS.

BENJ. BRUCE.

july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

WIGHT'S

LASTS & BOOT-TREES.

THE Subscriber informs the public, that he manufactures and has for sale, *LASTS AND BOOT-TREES*, of the best patterns, at No. 30, Fulton-street, (at the sign of the GOLDEN LAST.) All his Lasts and Boot Trees will be manufactured in the best style, and of seasoned stock, under the superintendence of his father CHARLES WIGHT—the patronage of whose former friends and customers is respectfully solicited.

may 30 ADAMS WIGHT.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced.

Juvenile Music is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis.*

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hertford and Boston, among those *who have given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Frentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 8th st. Select School.
C D Cleveland, Select High School.
Rev Sam'l A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delaney, D D.

NEW-YORK.

Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin. Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Cha's Anthon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schrœder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
John McVickar, D D, Prof Men Phil'y Columbian College.
Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Cobb, Author of several valuable School Books.

HARTFORD.

Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Knox, Prin Central School.
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.

Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
Edward Reynolds, M D, John Randall, M D.
S D Townsend, M D. J V C Smith, M D.
S A Shurtleff, M D.
W F Emerson, author of several popular School Books.
Samuel Barrett, Prin Adam's School. J Fairbanks, Writing Master.
Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
P Mackintosh, Jr Writing Master, Hancock st.
Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sel't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Chs K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M. D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gummey; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C. Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y., T. M & M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Bancroft.

may 2

SUPERIOR STYLE

OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are warranted all pure linen. may 29

MISCELLANY.

RALPH THE WANDERER.

We copy the following extract from an unpublished poem by I. C. Pray, Jr. Editor of the Boston Pearl, from Mrs Stevens's Portland Magazine.

O strange is love! Like Earth's broad ocean
It has its deep, dark mysteries—
Its heaving under-wave—emotion;
And only he that dwells there sees
What are the courses of the forms
That swarm amid its changeful scenes—
'Tis he alone that knows the storms
That threaten, or the calm that weans
The dwellers in its kingdom forth
From the cold regions of the north
Or south, to that warm current, where
Blessed groves and palaces appear.

O strange is love! Like the deep ocean
It has its monsters—things that seem
What they are not; and whose commotion,
Strife and stern contentions teem
With evils such as make the place
That should be fair—a ground to race
And wrestle in—a gloomy hall,
Arena broad, whose blood must pall
The senses of the delicate,
Who should alone go through its gate.

O strange is love! Like the bright ocean
It has its children—those that know
And from its depths, and love the motion
Of its tossing waters! which flow
Onward—bearing their barks away
To the calm quiet of some bay,
Within whose confines they may spend
A life of peace and pleasantness,
And sweet companionship there lend
To that they must delight to bless.

O strange is love! Like the wide ocean,
It has its wild adventurers
Who love it not—but in devotion
To wealth, which all their heart's blood stirs,
They, pilgrim-like, pass o'er the waste
And fondly trust to win its gold,
To sip its nectar, and to taste
The spices o'er its bosom rolled,
And heed not gales nor tempests—though
Along the shore proud wrecks be cast,
And winds and waves above them flow—
Their first—their best friends and their last!

[From the Rochester (N. Y.) Gem.]

SUDDEN CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

A PLAIN STATEMENTS OF FACTS.

Some sixty-five or seventy years ago, a vessel from Boston arrived at one of the wharves in London. Among the hands on board was one by the name of Tudor, a steady, respectable, and well-looking young man; who acted in capacity of both cooper and sailor. Very early one morning, and before any other hand than Tudor had come upon deck, a young, beautiful, and tolerably well dressed female, came tripping down the street to the vessel, and inquiring of Tudor for the Captain.—She was told he had not yet arose, but she insisted upon seeing him without delay, and with Tudor's permission, proceeded, unaccompanied, to his berth, and arousing him addressed him, with;

'Good morning, Captain, I have called to see if you will marry me.'

'Marry you replied the astonished Captain, believing her to be of a suspicious charater, 'leave my vessel instantly, if you know what is for your interest.'

She then went to the mate's berth, and asked him if he would marry her, and receiving an answer similar to the captain's she went upon deck, where Tudor was engaged in some business, and put the same question to him.

'With all my heart,' answered Tudor, in a half-serious, half-jocular manner.

'Then come along with me.'

Tudor left his work and followed her, with motives which he afterwards declared he could never satisfactorily account for, even to himself. By the time they had reached the principal streets of the city, many of the shops had been opened. The lady entered a barber's shop, followed by Tudor, beckoned him to be seated, and ordered the knight of the razor to take off his beard and hair, both of which operations he unquestionably greatly stood in need of. She footed the bill, and they left the shop, but soon entered a hat store. She requested that the best lot of beavers in the store might be placed upon the counter, and then told Tudor to select such a one as suited him. He soon did this, and the price was paid by the lady; Tudor threw aside his old tarpawling and left the store with his companion, and a beaver that would not have disgraced his Majesty the King himself. They next visited a shoe store, where, Tudor was not long in selecting a pair of boots, nor the lady in paying for them.

Tudor by this time was puzzled to divine the object the lady had in view, and it must be acknowledged, was apprehensive all was not right. But fully aware that he had committed no crime to make him dread the face of any mortal, and wishing to see the end of the farce which he considered had then fairly commenced, he was determined to press forward, prepared for the worst, trusting every thing to his guide and companion. He solicited from the lady an explanation of her designs, but she told him to be silent and ask no questions, and immediately led the way into a clothing store. Here Tudor was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store that fitted him, with corresponding articles of clothing; and the sailor in his doublet, tar-bedaubed pantaloons, and chequered shirt, was in a few minutes metamorphosed into as fine a gentleman, as far as appearance is concerned, as had walked the streets of that great metropolis for many a day. The bill at this place, as at the others, was paid by the lady. Tudor's amazement was now complete.—He neither knew what to say or think. Who the lady was, what her intentions were, he could not even surmise. He again asked for an explanation, and insisted upon one; but the only answer he received was—

'Follow me and be not afraid, and all will be explained hereafter to your entire satisfaction.'

One thing Tudor was obliged to acknowledge—the lady thus far, had done by him as well as he could have wished; he therefore resolved to ask no more questions, and to comply with all her requests and demands. Presently, she conducted him into a magistrate's office, and politely requested the minister of the law to unite her and her companion in the bands of matrimony!—This was something of a *damper* to Tudor, but nevertheless he tacitly yielded; the ceremony was soon commenced, and in two seconds the couple were pronounced *man and wife!*

Without uttering a word, or even exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife now left the magistrate's, but not however till she had given him a sovereign for his services.—The couple passed through many streets in silence; Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing, or what he had done and certainly ignorant where he was going or what awaited him; and of the thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the reader will soon be able to judge for himself.—

Turning the corner of a street, Tudor beheld, a few rods in front of him, a splendid dwelling, towards which his wife seemed to direct her footsteps as well as his own, and into the front of which they indeed, soon entered. The room into which Tudor was ushered by his wife, was furnished in a style of the greatest magnificence. She sat him in a chair, telling him to make himself contented for a minute or two, and then passed into another room.

The first one here to address her was her uncle, who, on seeing her enter the room, jumped in astonishment from his chair, and calling her by name, demanded how she had escaped from her room, and where she had been. She only said;

'Thou fiend in human shape! I allow you just one hour to remove your effects from this house. The actual possession of my property here you have long deprived me of, and vainly thought you had made arrangements by which you could deprive me of it through life: but I have frustrated your evil designs—I am now mistress of my own house—I was this moment married and my husband is now in the front room!'

I must now leave the newly married couple for a short time for the purpose reverting to the previous history of Mrs Tudor. She was the only child of a very wealthy gentleman, whom I shall designate as Mr. A. not recollecting his actual name, and for the same reason I shall give to his daughter the name of Eliza. He had spared neither time nor expense in the education of his daughter, she being the only object of his care and regard, his wife having died when she was quite young and before his death which took place when she was 14 or 15 years of age, he had the satisfaction of witnessing in her one of the most accomplished and beautiful ladies of London.

A short time previous to his death, an arrangement was entered into between Mr. A. and a brother of his, by which his brother was to have possession of his dwelling house, his servants, horses, carriages, and such other property as had not been deposited in bank for the benefit of his daughter, till the time of her marriage, when the possession of them was to be given up to her husband. It was also a condition of the agreement that in case Eliza died without marrying, the property was to go to her uncle and his family.

Immediately after the death of Mr. A. his brother removed into his dwelling. Eliza boarded in his family, and every thing went on agreeably for some months when Eliza discovered in her uncle and his family the determination that she should never marry—the reasons for which from what has already been said must be obvious to every reader. Unluckily for Eliza, she did not discover the diabolical plot in season to frustrate it in the bud. It was nothing less than this; to shut her up in one of the centre rooms in the third story of the house—to prevent her leaving it by keeping the doors and windows thoroughly bolted, and refuse her the company of her associates, by telling them when they called that she was either at school or was at some of the shops on business, or had just stepped out to see a friend, or had taken a ride into the country for her health, and to see some of her relations, or by telling them something else equally destitute of the truth.

Eliza generally received her meals through a small door in the ceiling, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from her lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the idle winds.

Three years was this unfortunate girl thus shut out from all communications with the world, when one morning her scanty breakfast was carried to her by an old female servant of her father. Eliza once more discovered the face of her old friend and servant—Juan well understood the meaning of these incoherent sobbings, and said, herself almost unable to speak from emotion, 'Hush, hush, Eliza, mistress, speak not, I understand all. Your tyrant aunt was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon and at evening.—Some of your old servants have long been planning means for your escape, and are now in hopes of effecting it;' and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings tripped down stairs.

Eliza, though unable for some time to partake of the simple repast, did so at least with a better zest than she ever had before. Her old servants were all about the house, and were bent upon her rescue! Most welcome, soul inspiring intelligence!

'What! said she to herself, is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement?—Is it possible that there lives one, who seeks my liberation and happiness? Is it possible that all connected with this establishment—MY OWN establishment—do not possess hearts of adamant? Godspeed thee, Juan, and thy associates, in thy work of love and mercy!'

It is unnecessary to detail the minutiæ of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the interviews held between her and Juan for the three days she supplied Eliza with her meals. Suffice to say, that on the evening of the fourth day after the above interview, Eliza was furnished with an instrument to unbar her window, and was promised a rope ladder the following evening, to effect her descent from one of the windows in the room adjoining, but having loosened the bars of the window the same evening, the instrument for that purpose was put into her hands, she determined not to wait till the following evening for the promised ladder, not knowing but the plot of the servants might be discovered by her uncle, or by some of his children; and she accordingly went to work, making a rope, (if such it may be called) from her bed clothes, by tearing them into strips and tying the ends together. After a few hours' labor she completed her rope, but fearing it might not be strong enough to support her, it was some time before she dared attempt a descent. But preferring death to a long confinement she resolved to make the attempt, resigning her fate into the hands of Him who is the orphan's friend.—She DID make the attempt, and was successful.—Yes, she was now liberated from a prison in her own house, where for 'filthy lucre's sake,' she had been confined by her own uncle, and once more breathed the pure air of freedom—This was about daylight. She immediately bent her steps towards the wharf where the Boston vessels lay; and that period in her life till she ushered her husband into her own house the reader has already had an account of.

The surprised and horror stricken uncle stood in mute astonishment for some moments, after being informed by Eliza of her marriage. She again repeated the command, 'Leave my house in an hour, thou monster!' and then returned to her husband, where the promised explanation was made.

The amazement of Tudor, and the transports of his wife at this sudden change in their fortunes and conditions may possibly be conceived, but they certainly cannot be expressed. Being incompetent to the task, I will not attempt to describe the scenes that successively followed—the embraces of the happy couple, and the kisses exchanged—the joy of the faithful servants at seeing their young mistress once more set at liberty—the chagrin, mortification and decampment of the inhuman uncle and his family—the congratulation of old friends and acquaintances—the parties that were given by Mrs. Tudor, as well as those attended by her and her husband—their many pleasant rides into the country, &c. &c.

One pleasant morning, some four or five days after the marriage, the attention of the officers and hands belonging to the Boston vessel, was directed to a splendid carriage drawn by two cream colored horses richly caparisoned, which was approaching the wharf, and in a few moments halted immediately in front of the vessel. The driver dismounted from the box, and let down the steps of the carriage; a gentleman gorgeously dressed, stepped out, and assisted a lady with corresponding habiliments, to alight; they then stepped on board the vessel, when the gentleman asked the captain what port he was from, how many days he was in performing the passage, when he intended to return, the amount of fare for the passengers, and other questions of a like nature, and receiving appropriate answers to the same, asked leave to examine the cabins and the other accommodations of the vessel, (all the while avoiding as far as possible, the captain) which were very courteously shown him. He then observed that he and his lady had some thoughts of starting for America, and in case they concluded to do so, assured the captain they would take passage with him. They then left the cabin, but before leaving the vessel the gentleman turning to the captain and said—

'Captain.——(calling him by name,) before leaving your vessel, permit me to make you acquainted with Mrs. Tudor!'

It was not till this moment that the captain, and those around him, recognized in the elegantly dressed gentleman, Tudor the cooper!—they supposing that some sad if not fatal accident had befallen him. I once more leave the reader to judge of the congratulations that now followed, and of the toasts that were drank.

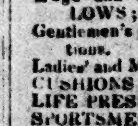
The remainder of my imperfect sketch is soon told.—Tudor distributed the wages coming to him among his old associates—bade them good bye, but not however, until he had extracted a promise from the captain and his crew to call as often as convenient upon him before sailing—left the vessel, entered his carriage and was driven to his own door.

Tudor and his wife lived through life on the most amicable terms, and were blessed with prosperity and an obedient and respected circle of children. Some years after his marriage, he returned, accompanied by his wife, to his native place, Boston, where he built two or three wharves, that bear his name to this day. They afterwards returned to London, where they died, as they had lived since their union, honored and respected by all who enjoyed their acquaintance.

BOSTON
INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:
Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.
Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.
july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

NEW HAT STORE.



ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.
N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

LINEN SHIRT
COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—
100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,
100 do do do Plain do do
200 do Medium quality do do do
150 do do Stitched do do
300 do Common do Plain do do
Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.
☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

BENJAMIN WILLIS,
DRAPER AND TAILOR,
No. 2, Tremont Buildings, Court Square, [illegible] Court-street, Boston.

MOST respectfully informs the public, that he has taken the store lately occupied by Andre & Lowell, where he intends to carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS in its various branches, and solicits a share of the public patronage.
B. W. has on hand a good assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, which will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere in the city.
☞Particular attention paid to Cutting, and in workmanship, style, or fit, there will be ☞ *No Mistake.*
august 22 6t

FRESH GOODS.

DENNIS & GRAFTON have taken a Store in the New Block, No. 41 Hanover street, where they have for sale a rich assortment of Fresh and desirable Goods—among which are the following, viz.
Rich black Gro de Swiss Silks; do do Gro de Berlin do; do do Gro de Nap do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; do col'd Pouh de Soie, (rich colors.)
Merino Shawls—an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Shawls; also, a rich style of Brugaman Shawls; English and French Prints, new and very elegant patterns; also, a prime assortment of Bishops' Lawns; Cambrics; Cambric Muslins; Sucherilla Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Long Lawns; Linens; Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Flannels; Robes; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c; also an assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c.
Just opened, 1 case English Merinos, of the French finish, very desirable colors, among which are brown, claret, mulberry, purple, and adelaide; also a few pieces of rich pearl colors, very delicate shades and superior fabric—all of which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash. august 22

THE CRUISE
OF THE MIDGE.

BY the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log' &c. New series. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 22

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. T. BELL has removed from Milk-street to No. 20 Spring-street, within one door of Spring Place, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantage this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice
N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.
At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping whatever. 3s per box. 3t august 22

GRATES, GRATES.

BRYENT & HERMAN, at their Factory, No. 5, Water street, offer for sale the most extensive assortment of Cast Iron FRAME GRATES to be found in this city. They have some very neat and handsome patterns, suitable for marble fire places, equal in beauty and superior in durability to any other kind now in use. Builders, and all others in want, will do well to examine these Grates before purchasing elsewhere.
august 22 3m

COPLAND'S
MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

PART III, is announced in Bent's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season to be ready for subscribers and others 1 July next. S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. june 20

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bristles STOCKS, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st.
june 6

STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

SIX MONTHS IN A
HOUSE OF CORRECTION,

OR, the Narrative of Dorah Mahony, who was under the influence of the Protestants about a year, and an inmate of the House of Correction, in Leverett-street, Boston, nearly six months in the year 18—. With some preliminary suggestions by the committee of publication.
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 4

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.
N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.
Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.
nov 1 1y

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c
For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S variety Cloth Store, No. 48 Washington street.

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.
This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 3m may 2

ACCORDIONS,
WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by
JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

CARAGEEN, OR IRISH
MOSS

4 CRATES of this much valued article, received direct from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & Co. No 28 GRANITE STORE, Commercial Wharf, in parcels to suit purchasers. 6m feb21

REMOVAL.

S. COLMAN, (successor to Lilly, Wait & Co.) periodical and wholesale publisher, has removed from 121 Washington street, to Nos. 18 and 20, Cornhill, (same building with R. P. & C. Williams) where will be continued the publication of the People's, Penny, and Parley's Magazines, Young Man's Guide, &c.—Also, the general agency of Waldie's Library, Blackwood and Metropolitan Magazines, and Foreign Quarterly Review, Alexandrian Library, Duff Green's Jurist, Medical Register, as well as of the other principal periodical publications throughout the United States.
july 11

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,
INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.
Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.
Different kinds of Trusses.
Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronized and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.
Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.
Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 28

J. BURRILL,
MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,
73
CORNHILL.
july 15 6m

CHEMICAL
EMBROCATION,
Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.
Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.
2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.
3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base imitations.
The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, chilblains, numbness, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.
Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

DR. J. K. PALMER'S
Compound Fluid Extract of
SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.
The use of Sarsaparilla as an alternat and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparilla, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strength, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use
From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.
Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.
Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

BUTLER'S
EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strength and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing and unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist London.
Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

Compound Syrup
ICELAND MOSS

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.
ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.
The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.
In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States. This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by
E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.
And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.
The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover-street. june 20

PRICE REDUCED.

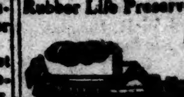
VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucus membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.—These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold
The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is, the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, was all as the rich.
N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.
For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent, RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 481 Washington street; Pearson & Rowland, 188 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. S. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leverett st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Henchman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boydon, 24 Hancock st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. F. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

SAMUEL C. BISHOP respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken Store No. 172 Washington street, (formerly occupied by Cushman, Bassett & Co.) where he intends keeping a prime assortment of Boots and Shoes, of all descriptions; and will also manufacture to measure, ladies' Shoes, of the best workmanship and style. He hopes by strict personal attention to his business to gain a share of public patronage, and particularly of the customers of the old stand. 3m june 20

BOSTON, PORTLAND AND
BANGOR STEAM PACKETS.
BANGOR AND INDEPENDENCE.

THE following is the arrangement for August and September, of these splendid, staunch, and superior Steamboats.
The BANGOR, Capt S. H. Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, Boston, for Portland and Bangor, every Monday, at 5 o'clock P. M. Leave Portland for Bangor, touching at Owl's Head, Saturday Cove, Buckspor, and Frankfort, on Sunday mornings at 7 o'clock.
Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland and Boston, touching at the above places every Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock, and Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.
For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, at 5 P. M.
For Boston, will leave Portland every Friday, at 5 o'clock P. M.
The Bangor is nearly 400 tons burthen, and was built by Brown & Bell, of New York, expressly for this route. She is rigged with fore and aft sails, that can be managed as any other vessel, in case of accident to the engine; is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose; a fire engine to be kept on her deck, in case of fire, to operate on any part of the boat; five large boats; a large number of India Rubber and Cork Mattresses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water; together with a large number of the celebrated Rubber Life Preservers.



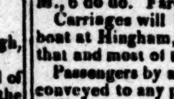
The INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thomas Howes, will make but one trip a week, through by daylight. Will leave Lewis's wharf, Boston, for Portland Bangor, every Tuesday morning, at 7 o'clock. Leave Portland for Bangor, touching at Owl's Head, Saturday Cove, Buckspert, and Frankfort, Wednesday mornings at 6 o'clock.
Returning, will leave Bangor, touching at the above places, Friday morning at 6 o'clock, and Portland for Boston, Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.
The Independence is 477 tons burthen, and was built in the best manner, and of the best materials, at an expense of $120,000, to run between Baltimore and Norfolk, one of the roughest of sea routes. Like the Bangor, she is rigged with sails, and provided with Life Preservers, &c. She is undoubtedly one of the finest Steamboats in this country, for beauty of model, strength, and convenience of accommodations. She has a first rate and powerful engine, with two heavy copper boilers.—Her cabins are considered the most elegant and spacious of any boat in America; as a day boat she can accommodate 500 passengers without inconvenience.
All Freight, Baggage, Money or other valuables, are at the risk of the owners thereof.
No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.
For further information, apply to J. W. GARNSEY, Agent at Bangor; E. R. MUDGE, Agent at Portland; to the Captain on board; to I. W. GOODRICH, No 56 Washington-street, Boston; M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf, (north part of the city.) august 15

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.
PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.
For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth $2,00
Dover 2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick . 2,25

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.
Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.
Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.
Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.
For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 56, Washington street. may 30

BOSTON AND HINGHAM.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
THREE TRIPS A-DAY.



THE Steamboat GEN'L LINCOLN, Capt Geo. Beal, will, on and after MONDAY the 8th of June, leave Hingham—6 1-2 o'clock A. M., 10 1-2 do do, 4 do P. M.—Foster's wharf, Boston—8 1-2 o'clock A. M., 12 1-2 do P. M., 6 do do. Fare 37 1-2 cents.
Carriages will be in readiness, on the arrival of the boat at Hingham, to convey passengers to any part of that and most of the neighboring towns.
Passengers by applying at the Captain's office can be conveyed to any part of the city for 12 1-2 cts.
For further particulars apply to the captain on board, to Albert Fearing & Co. No 1 City wharf, or the subscriber. DAVID WHITON, Agent.
Hingham, June 6, 1835. 3m

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house, 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints, large and small figures, of best kind; Printed Lace Muslins, rich new style. A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain and plaided, good styles; French Ginghams, finely similar to the Plaided Silks; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. of various kinds; Printed Silk Muslins, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses; Merino Shawls; Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs; a few very splendid embbroider'd Scarfs; Merino Bombazines; light colors French Merinos, for children's wear; large and small check'd, fig'd and stripe Cambrics; Jaconets; mull, book and Swiss Muslins; imitation Cambricks and Bishop Lawns; Linen Cambrics; linen and linen cambric Hdkfs; col'd Table Covers; linen Damask Cloths; birds-eye Diaper; stout Russia Damask; Linens, grass bleach, for family use, low by the piece; Long Lawns; French Centre Table Covers, very splendid; bleached Shirtings and Sheetings; a large assortment of fast color Calicoes; superfine, middling and low Broadcloths; Cassimeres, Satinets; Flannels, &c. &c.
These goods are of recent purchase, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. march 28

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,
Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.
may 2

SUPERIOR STYLE
OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.
Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen Sheetings.
The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city
Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.
For sale on reasonable terms at No 23, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.
N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.
feb 14 tf

TO TEACHERS.

GREENLEAF'S National Arithmetic, upon the Analytic and Synthetic Methods, in which the principles of Arithmetic are explained and illustrated in a perspicuous and familiar manner; containing, also, practical systems of Mensuration, Guaging, Geometry, Book-keeping, &c. and much practical information connected with Trade and Commerce, forming a complete Mercantile Arithmetic; designed for Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M. Preceptor of Bradford Academy.
The work will be comprised in about 300 pages of the duodecimo form, handsomely printed on good type and paper, and neatly and strongly bound.
The above work is in progress of printing, and will be published in August ensuing, by ROBERT S. DAVIS, and GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Publishers of School Books, Boston.
☞Orders respectfully solicited. june 6

BURNS AND SCALDS.
A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Felon Sores, (Runround) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles, Gangrenous [illegible] Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Scald Head, and Chafes, Bruises and Sprains; Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds; every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is said to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a burn or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. Also, all Sores of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abscesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.
Scrofulous Humors and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ring-worm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphilitic Infections—it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.
In all the above diseases the Paste has but one object, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and redness of fever, when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.
Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 122 Hanover street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally. Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. [illegible] Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. B. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) [illegible]

MAN'S GREATEST AND
—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—
HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED.

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an humble persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and merits; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual suffering from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and restore natural peristaltic action in the stomach and intestines, and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels; such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly beneficial in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellence.
In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon. John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.
"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained an unblemished reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.
JOHN W. TAYLOR.
Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."
"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same village with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.
Oct. 8, 1834."
Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.
JAS. COMSTOCK."
Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.
ANN POWEL.
Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."
For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.
april 18 1y

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula, Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pain in the Muscles, Bones, &c., and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps' Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition, by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.
Worcester, May 1, 1835.
From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.
We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the character of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.
The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Davenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.
For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of Central wharf, Boston.
Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8

INDIA RUBBER WATER
PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.
NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.
MANUFACTURED ARTICLES
Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes; Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions: Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.
Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needleholes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.
There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.
Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth
Samples can be examined as above.
☞Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.
august 9 tf

RECORD OF A SCHOOL,

EXEMPLIFYING the general principles of Spiritual Culture. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18